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LADY LOBBYISTS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

WE need not direct special attention to the picture of the Lady Lobbyists given below. The picture itself calls attention to what all good men and women must regard as an evil, and, we are sorry to say, a growing one. The Washington correspondent of the *Herald* thus describes the scene at the White House:

"There was no diminution of the crowd at the White House to-day, nor of the persistency manifested by those present to secure interviews with the President. The usual number of females were conspicuous in the throng. It is a noticeable fact, and by no means creditable to the age, that there is a growing inclination to use the gentler sex in manipulating the political wires. In the lobbies of Congress during the last week, about the Departments at all times, and at the White House, this element largely prevails. And it is observable that they are not the wives, sisters, or daughters of those whose interests they represent. In most cases they are purely professional wire-pullers, who for a consideration undertake the prosecution of any claim, secure the appointment of their principals to office, or labor for the passage of bills. Relying on the deference universally paid to the sex, they thrust themselves in where the most venturesome man would be repulsed; and once obtaining the official ear they plead their cause with a pertinacity that will not be denied. It has come to be quite a common remark of late when a difficult job is on hand, 'Get a woman to work.' So numerous have these female politicians and agents become of late that the heads of Departments and official personages are compelled to denounce them as nuisances. At the White House this afternoon there were upward of fifty of them at one time awaiting an audience with the President. The courtesy due to womankind forbids that when once they are admitted they should be treated precisely as are the sterner sex, hence their interviews are usually protracted, greatly to the inconvenience and annoyance of others who may be in waiting. If ladies throughout the country could fully understand the estimation in which these female lobbyists are held here the number of them would certainly not be increased."

It is only too notorious that, with few exceptions, "they are not the wives, sisters, or daughters" of those whose interests they represent. As a rule they dress well, few of them deeming it necessary to plead poverty in approaching a public functionary, especially one upon whose too susceptible heart "beauty wreathed with smiles" may be supposed to make a quick impression.

The class of female lobbyists has always existed in Washington, as in all other political capitals, and has included many ladies of high social position and brilliant accomplishments. From these bright particular stars of the *salons* of aristocracy, however, the quality of feminine influence employed to influence refractory heads of bureaus or obstinate Congressmen shades downward—to just what depth and infamy we do not care to say.

Old Washington story-tellers are full of "funny" things in which by-gone political magnates and bygone beauties figure not exactly as heroes and heroines. In the past, however, the halls and anterooms of the Capitol, especially of the Lower House, were the peculiar field of the female lobbyist, and no doubt this is still measurably true; but it is only lately that they have appeared in any considerable numbers at the White House end of the "Avenue." No doubt their numbers and character indicate with fair correctness the usual extent of their success—their well-known sagacity and experience may be trusted for that much.

In Mr. LINCOLN's time it was no unusual thing to see some pale and anxious petitioner, in sober and often threadbare habiliments, waiting in the ante-rooms for an opportunity to beg of the "good President" a pass to visit some sick son or husband or brother, or mayhap to petition for the life or liberty of some erring but loved one; but Father Abraham's well-known dislike for professional lobbyists, male or female, was a sufficient security against the occurrence of such scenes as our artist has so well depicted. He could be kind and tender, even if justice or necessity compelled him to refuse the petition of honest sorrow; but even his courtesy and chivalry did not prevent the plain expression of his disgust for the character and pertinacity of such women as have earned in this day so unenviable a notoriety as "pardon brokers."

Some noble and devoted women there were, laboring as true women should, and honoring their sex by merciful and charitable deeds, who always had free access to Mr. LINCOLN; but they were few in number, and unexceptional in all respects.

It may be that the many anecdotes in circulation of the manner in which lady applicants were thus received stimulated the professional sisterhood to their apparently extensive and successful assault upon the susceptibilities of Mr. LINCOLN's successor.

We read, in the annals of the most corrupt days of the French Revolution, of the vast influence exercised by the brilliant but unprincipled galaxy of wit and beauty which shone in the Parisian *salons* of that day. Can it be that we are to furnish an ignoble copy of the folly and frivolity of that day of feverish excitement and gilded vice! Not that among the suitors for Executive clemency or favor there are not now to be found ladies who really represent the subjects of their application, and among these also some of the gifted leaders of that Southern aristocracy which is now laboring to resuscitate its plantation nobility; and *their* animus may be gathered from the following anecdote, the verity of which is beyond question:

The widow of a prominent rebel Senator called upon Mr. JOHNSON for such a pardon as should release the immense estates of the family from the operation of the Confiscation Act. After so employing her eloquence and other fascinations as to secure a favorable result she flounced out of the White House *à la reine*, and proceeded to report of a sympathizing coterie of Southern ladies.

"Well, Mrs. ——, and how did you succeed with *the beast?*"

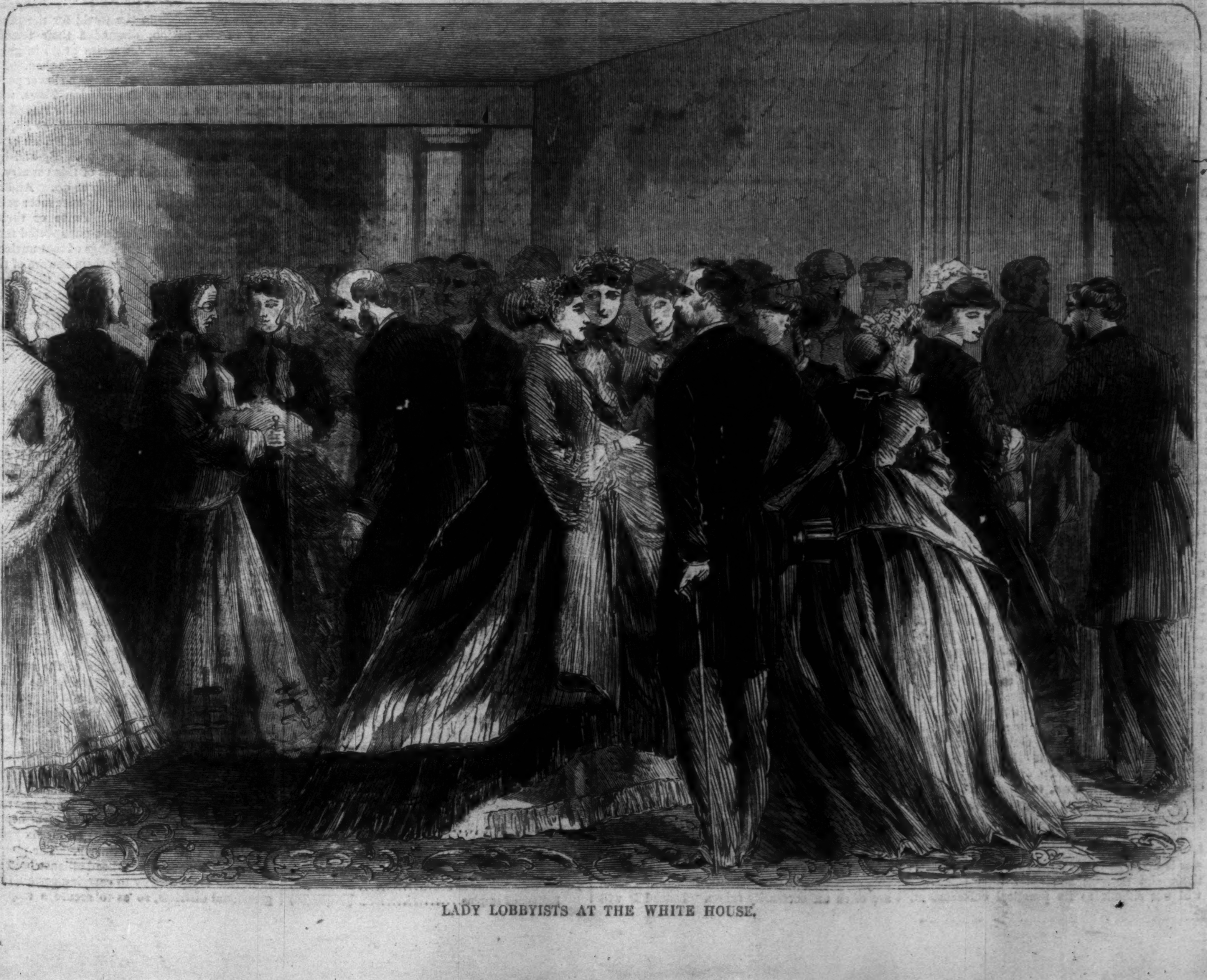
"Oh, very well; of course he consented to every thing."

"But how did he receive you?"

"Why, well enough; but do you believe, the beast had the impudence to invite me to make the White House my home during my stay in Washington!"

"How ridiculous!

"And you know *we* never even *visited* with the JOHNSONS in the South! As *if*—indeed!"



LADY LOBBYISTS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

MY ANSWER.

I am a widow—grief and many a care
Have worn the furrows deeply in my face:
Thick are the threads of silver in my hair,
And my poor trembling hands can hardly trace
The Good Book's words, or turn from place to place,
As mind and eyes go wandering every where.

Little I know of politics or laws—
Had women made them there had been no strife;
No deeds half done, no patching up of flaws,
With the heart's-blood of many a noble life;
No promises unkept, or treasons rife,
To clog the feet of Freedom's holy cause.

They tell me wicked men are plotting still
Their schemes of ruin, and that good men lend
A thoughtless ear to mischief and to ill.
For now they cry, Let every difference end!
And those who should a worthier cause defend
Turn and reject it with a stubborn will.

I will not weep—and yet I can not take
My grief in silence, smother all my fears.
Men say we moan at trifles—I will make
My humble answer, and through gathering tears
Pray that my words fall not on heedless ears.
Mothers! bear with me for your children's sake.

There are two graves upon the Southern plains,
Far, far apart, perhaps, and overgrown
With the rank grasses—where the summer rains
Blot out the letters on each time-worn stone,
If there are any. I am all alone!
No one to call me "Mother" now remains.

They rise before me now, my precious dead!
Their faces beautiful with Christian peace;
Those lips which yearned for mine, when they had said
Their dying prayers, and waited for release:
Nor did they murmur then that life must cease,
Who had not cowered by the way, nor fled.

And yet I glory, and can offer praise,
That I had sons to give at such a time.
Their feet ran early in the pleasant ways
Of Justice and of Freedom—truths sublime
Were their first lessons, and to manhood's prime
They loved the precepts learned in early days!

But can it be that this was all in vain?
Were those two nameless graves heaped up for naught?
Must I, when thinking of my children slain,
Bewail the love of country which I taught?
Losing by this the only thing which brought
Comfort and gladness to me in my pain?

Must we obey and follow the commands
Of men my boys faced on the battle-field?
Our nation turn or falter where she stands,
And to their trust her hard-won treasure yield?
How can we reverence laws which they have sealed,
And with our dear ones' blood upon their hands?

We, who in wakeful moments of the night
Hear voices calling from the stillness deep;
Or, sitting by our lonely fire-light,
Listen for footsteps, and can only weep.
Those prison-cells their horrid secrets keep—
In unknown graves our children's bones are white!

Oh wretched, wretched country, if she needs
To take rebellious offspring to her heart,
And to be schooled anew in sinful creeds,
Which tear the laws of God and man apart!
What glorious harvests from the earth shall start
If unrepenting traitors sow the seeds!

Oh, loyal women! 'tis to you I speak—
And some of you have shed more tears than I—
Your prayers were faithful when man's soul was weak,
When armies wavered, and defeat seemed nigh.
He is not dead who gave us victory,
Let us again His aid and favor seek!

Men of New England! or the East, the West,
Whose mighty will no slavish thoughts can tame,
Grasp hands and onward! Falter not nor rest
Till the good work all hands and hearts can claim.
He who 'mid changes is unchanged, the same,
Will bless your cause who do His high behest.

H. B.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 27, 1866.

WHAT NEXT?

THE President has for some months declared plainly that, in his judgment, Congress is not a constitutional body; and the air has been full of rumors and surmises as to his probable action upon the meeting of Congress. Indeed, the late story in the Philadelphia *Ledger*, although immediately confessed to be false, was not so improbable but that the public mind was at once directed more earnestly to the actual situation. Nor ought that attention to be relaxed. This is not a time in which any good is to be gained by refusing to consider every possibility.

The case will bear to be constantly stated. The President differs with Congress as to the conditions of restoration which ought to be imposed upon the late rebel States. He speaks of their "exclusion," and of their "right" to be represented, and of the "usurpation" of Congress in requiring conditions, but it is nevertheless true that he himself united in such exclusion; that he denied their "right" to representation by exhorting them to form governments which should be satisfactory to Congress; and that he imposed certain terms satisfactory to himself. The theory now adopted by him is utterly subversive of the Government and of a harmonious Union, for it allows any State to make war upon the Union, and at any moment, by laying down its arms, to resume all its relations within it without any guarantee whatever of future security.

That such is not the theory of the people who have maintained the Government during the war is made perfectly clear by the autumn elections, and nothing is plainer than that they will not submit to its practical enforcement. If the President should undertake to withstand their resolution, he could succeed only by totally overpowering them, and surrendering the Government to its most envenomed enemies and the Union to the care of those who hate it. His success would, of course, be the present end of the American Union, and the discomfiture of the principle of popular government. But as his chief reliance in the struggle would be upon the late rebels, it would be for him and his friends to remember that his opponents would be the mass of the lately victorious people of the loyal States together with all the Union men of the South of every color.

Every patriotic and thoughtful man is naturally unwilling to believe that so grievous a contest is possible; but with a man like the President every thing is possible. No fear of being an alarmist should prevent every man from looking steadfastly at the facts, or from considering the drift of the situation. The President has not ceased to vituperate Congress as an illegal body. The difference between them has been presented to the people, and they have declared every where for Congress. That is not a result which is likely to pacify such a man as the President. He knows that he is openly threatened with impeachment. Mr. **Boutwell**, at a meeting in Faneuil Hall in Boston, announced that he should move in Congress an inquiry looking to impeachment. Mr. **Loring**, in supporting the nomination of General **Butler**, says that he is pledged to the same course. Is it probable that the President will meet Congress and send in his Message as if nothing had happened? If he be persuaded that he is likely to be impeached, is it not possible that he might endeavor to gain the advantage in advance over the impeaching body?

These are questions that can not fail to suggest themselves to every man.

But we hope sincerely that the President may not only hear but fully understand the result of the elections. He has constantly asserted his faith in the people, and certainly he has now heard from the people. But as the spiritual medium always insists when the experiment fails that the conditions are not favorable, so the President may contend that "the people" means the whole voting population of the country at the South as well as at the North. If, however, he plants himself upon that ground, he should remember that even then the majority of an entire Congress must be held to indicate the popular will, and that that has decided against him.

Since it has so decided, the President may now wisely and properly say and do what he did when the Civil Rights Bill was passed over his veto. He may declare that he differs, but at the same time he may submit to the superior will. It is well for us all to anticipate that action upon his part, without losing sight of the possibilities of which we have spoken. That is the plain way of peace, and his own satisfaction in walking in it would be beyond his most ambitious dreams. Should he acquiesce in the popular decision, public opinion would forbid Mr. **Boutwell** and General **Butler** from fulfilling their pledge.

THE LOSS OF THE "EVENING STAR."

The fate of the New York and New Orleans steamship *Evening Star*, which foundered at sea a fortnight since, with almost three hundred passengers, of whom but a score escaped, is another of the terrible warnings which seem to pass almost unheeded. No voyage has become so perilous as the Southern coast passage. And what is the reason? Why at this moment is there such untold sorrow in so many homes? There seems to be no doubt of the reason whatever. Many of the ships that sail for the Southern ports are utterly unfit to go to sea. They are sent to sea also, when known to be unseaworthy, and crowded steamers have been floated upon the Southern coast passage only by the most strenuous exertions; while those who officially knew the facts and the dangers have been for various reasons silent.

The insecurity of this particular steamer has been alleged by "one who knows," and who ought to have known enough to sign his name to his testimony. He says: "Speaking generally, every thing about her was in a loose condition;" while **James Byrne**, Secretary of the Steam Firemen's and Coal-passers' Association, writes to the *Times* that the *Evening Star* was manned by men who did not understand English and who were unused to the sea, and who were hired because they could be had upon better terms than proper seamen. And of how many other ships is not the same thing true!

We do not forget that, in the excitement of so great a disaster, it is very easy and very common to exaggerate defects and to believe in carelessness. Moreover, at this season there are furious hurricanes before which the best and stanchest vessels may go down. But the knowledge of many of our readers will assure them that nothing also is easier, and nothing more common, than the most culpable carelessness in regard to steamers that carry an enormous crowd, and that the most frightful risks are often unnecessarily taken. Indeed it will be found that most of the melancholy disasters at sea, recorded within a year or two past, have happened to ships of whose security there was great doubt, or of whose insecurity there was full knowledge. The Australian steamer that foundered some months since in the British Channel was notoriously unfit for sea-service.

It is not easy to indicate a remedy. The only sure one is the conscience and knowledge of the owners or examiners. But official examiners may sometimes be bribed, and owners are sometimes capable of bribing. It would be a true service to humanity if passengers who have known of any real danger, or who have even experienced actual discomfort, would report the facts to the papers upon their responsibility. For these great companies are virtual monopolies, and the only check which the public has upon them is patronage. But while nothing is said of the perils escaped, and when a great accident is put off upon "Divine Providence," instead of being charged where it belongs—to the avarice or carelessness of men—of course no sufficient remedy will be applied. Yet if every such Company felt that the ship's passengers were a body of witnesses who would give ample evidence, it would take the necessary care that the evidence should not be damning.

THE NATIONAL BUDGET.

The Treasury Department has at length published its official account of the public revenue and expenditure for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1866. From this it appears that the expenditures of that year were $518,347,337, of which $281,449,701—or more than half—were for the War Department, and $43,519,632 for the Navy Department; while the gross revenue was $556,039,195, of which $179,046,630 were from customs, and $309,226,812 from internal revenue. There was thus, on the business of the year, an excess of revenue over expenditure of $37,691,857.

It need hardly be observed that though the war had ended before July, 1865, the year 1865–66 must nevertheless be classed, financially, among the years of the war. The war expenditures of the first quarter of that year, during which period three-fourths of the volunteer army were paid off and mustered out of service, were almost, if not fully, as heavy as those of any corresponding period of the conflict. They amounted to over $165,000,000, being at the rate of $660,000,000 per annum. From 1st October they declined rapidly. During the two quarters beginning on 1st October, 1865, and ending 31st March, 1866, they amounted to $104,000,000, and for the last quarter of the year ending 30th June last they were only $12,000,000.

Were it not for the bill of last session equalizing the bounties paid to volunteers, the army expenditures during the current fiscal year would not probably exceed $40,000,000, or at most $45,000,000. The Navy expenditure will probably be brought within the compass of $25,000,000; say, at the outside, for both arms, $70,000,000 a year. For interest a sum of $125,000,000 will probably suffice; and for civil, foreign, and miscellaneous service, including pensions and Indians, $56,000,000. At this rate the aggregate public expenditure (exclusive of the money voted to the volunteers by last Congress) for the year 1866–67 will be as follows:

Army	$45,000,000
Navy	25,000,000
Interest charge	125,000,000
Civil, foreign, miscellaneous, pensions, etc.	56,000,000
Total expenditure	$251,000,000

On the other hand, the customs revenue last fiscal year was $179,046,630. Thus far the customs revenue this year shows a considerable increase; and though it is not particularly safe to speculate upon the probable course of our foreign trade, especially in the present condition of the gold and exchange markets, the prospect now is fair for a revenue in customs (gold) for the current fiscal year of not less than $190,000,000. The internal revenue may be estimated more nearly. During the first quarter of the fiscal year 1865–66 trade was in a depressed condition, owing to the heavy fall in gold and the general dislocation of commerce produced by the peace; hence the revenue from taxes was light. Thus far this year trade in all branches has been prosperous, and if no commercial revulsion occurs the chances are that it will continue so throughout the remainder of the year. In this event it would be fair to estimate the product of the internal revenue tax at not less than $400,000,000 as against $309,226,812 in 1865–66. The miscellaneous revenue of government, which was large in 1865–66, owing to heavy sales of government property and war material rendered useless by the end of the war, will be less this year—possibly $40,000,000 as against $65,126,966 in 1865–66. At this rate the public revenue of the United States during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1867, would be as follows;

Customs Revenue	$190,000,000
Internal Revenue	400,000,000
Direct Tax and Lands	2,600,000
Miscellaneous	40,000,000
Total Revenue	$632,600,000
Deduct Expenditure as above	251,000,000
Estimated surplus	$381,600,000

In other words, if these calculations be verified, the country will have an excess of income over expenditure equal to 15 per cent. of its total indebtedness, and will be enabled to cancel so much of the principal of its debt after paying interest on the whole.

If any thing could be more remarkable than this statement of income and expenditure by a country just emerged from a four years' exhausting war, it would be the fact that, in the face of this astounding display of resources, the obligations of this same country are offered for sale at a discount of 25 per cent. At 70 @ 71 per cent. Europe can purchase as many of our six per cent. bonds as it wants; and at home, the United States dollar, for the due payment of which are pledged the entire resources of this great country, with an income more than double its expenditure, will only purchase seventy-five cents of coin. A merchant who could show as large an excess of income over expenditure as the country shows would think himself outraged if his paper did not sell readily at 5 @ 6 per cent. interest—assuming that his character were good, and his record clean. Why is it otherwise with the National credit?

Something must be allowed for past mismanagement of the public finances. The throwing away of thirty odd millions of coin in May last transferred the control of the gold market from the Government to the Gold-Room, and even at this day enables the unscrupulous operators of that locality to corner the market, and force up the premium. Yet so little wisdom do people learn by experience that even now the *Tribune* keeps, from day to day, hounding on Mr. **M'Culloch** to repeat the blunder of May, and sell the reserve upon which rest our only hopes of a resumption of specie payments.

Nor is the record of the Government entirely clean. A large proportion of the current legal-tender notes bear on their back the covenant that they are exchangeable for Five-Twenty six per cent. bonds. Many holders have applied to the Department for such bonds. They have been told that the Department can not fulfill its bargain for want of appropriate legislation. This is quite sufficient to account for some depreciation of the public credit. Our securities will never command the price to which our revenues and our resources entitle them so long as the slightest taint of repudiation adheres to the administration of the public finances.

For the rest, we must have patience. Our vast capacity to bear taxation is comparatively a new discovery. Only a couple of years ago, sound and loyal men doubted gravely whether the people would submit to be taxed an amount sufficient to meet the interest—to say nothing of the principal of the public debt, and with the best wishes in the world for the prosperity of the nation, dissuaded their friends from purchasing Five-Twenties at 45 in gold. Opinion has made a vast stride since then. Its financial effect follows, though at a slower pace. Our sweet friends of the London *Times*, who predicted that Amsterdam would be ruined by its purchases of Five-Twenty bonds @ 40, almost recommend the investment of British capital in the same securities at 70. By-and-by, when the true financial status of this country is realized, they may seem cheap at 90. And as to the Gold-Room, it, too, may once more realize that riches have wings. Twice or thrice since its establishment has an unexpected turn in the market stripped the kings of that unclean realm of their money. Let them beware of the Ides of November! Gold is scarce, the necessities of the merchants are pressing, and "the game is a sure one, if you have nerve," so they say; but for all this we tell them: **Beware of the Ides of November!**

THE POPULAR JUDGMENT.

The elections of this autumn are full of triumph for every man who honestly believes in the intelligence of the people. Indeed there is no hope, and of course no confidence, for any one who does not. A man like Mr. **Thurlow Weed**, who never appreciated the force and value of the moral conviction which underlies popular action, is of course terror-stricken and utterly adrift at a time when the only sure reckoning is to be made by confiding in the good sense and justice of the people. He is therefore reduced to the ridiculous plight of flying from the storm into the cave of the winds. He thinks there is danger ahead, and incontinently betakes himself to the society of those from whom the danger is now to be apprehended, as it has always proceeded. Mr. **Weed** in the same breath complains of the appointment of a Copperhead to office by the President, and declares that he hopes a Copperhead may be elected to office by the people. That is the exact measure of the value of his judgment.

But his hopes are being sadly disappointed. The elections show that there is no reaction, and that the whole weight and blandishment of the Executive patronage are not powerful enough even to bend the line of loyal hearts, that beat still as they have beaten for six years, true to the Union and to liberty. The plan of the Executive and Copperhead alliance has been to devote every energy to carrying certain Congressional districts, so as to secure a majority of the whole number in a full Congress by uniting the Copperheads with the members elected in the Southern States. This plan has utterly failed. The people have defeated it exactly as they defeated every rebel and Copperhead combination during the war, and exactly as they will defeat every other similar attempt.

Questions of tariff and finance, however radical and important, must, in the nature of things, yield to a question of the national existence. For nothing less than that is the exact central point of the present situation. Should the President's policy succeed, the national unity is a reopened question. Parties would continue grouped as they now are. On one side there would be the party of the old State-rights school, and on the other the Union party. The difference between them is not one of policy under the Government, but of the very nature of the Government itself. And while such a party division exists no other is possible.

It seems to us very necessary that all Union men should constantly bear this fact in mind. While the present situation continues, while part of the States are unrepresented, and the main question is upon what conditions they shall be admitted, all other debate is impertinent and disastrous, except as a discussion of expediency within the party. If a Union man who favors protection sees Congress inclining to free-trade, or a free-trade Unionist sees signs of a tariff, let him remember that though it may be an evil, and an evil sufficient to drive him in ordinary times from the party, yet now the alternative is support of the Union party or surrender of the Government to the party which is still warm with the effort to destroy it.

The grand proof of the capacity of the people is, that they see this just as plainly as any man can state it. They have not gone astray in the mists of theories of trade, or upon any point of mere material expediency, but they have held steadily to the primeval principle of the national existence. It is this which binds their victorious columns together from Maine to Iowa. It is the voice of fidelity to this essential necessity which is heard ringing out of the mines of Pennsylvania and over the prairies of Indiana. When the national security is beyond doubt—when the unrepresented States have returned under just conditions, and the ground is firm beneath our feet, then we may turn to other issues, and other parties will arise upon secondary policies and expedients.

SHEEP AND DEMAGOGUES.

The Richmond *Times* has an easy explanation of the situation. It all comes from the fact that "The masses of the Northern people do not think for themselves. They are led like sheep by their demagogues, and evil times having put bad men in office, the grooves of error into which they have slided are now difficult to leave." It adds that the "North has not had such a deluge as would cleanse all her gutters." The South has apparently been equally unfortunate; some unclean gutters remain.

Does the *Times* suppose that any sensible man will imagine that such stuff is written for people who think for themselves and who are *not* led like sheep by demagogues? If good sense and moderation are the necessities of the time is it sensible and moderate to say, as the *Times* does, that "Cimmerian darkness envelops the intellect of that howling faction which will neither heed the voice of justice nor listen to the cry of suffering which comes up from this stricken land." Of what does the *Times* complain? Of the unwillingness of a sensible nation to put a premium upon treason. In the view of the *Times*, not to reward States which have convulsed the country with bloody war by giving them twelve additional representatives for a population which those States themselves disfranchise, is to be enveloped in Cimmerian darkness and to be a howling faction.

The *Times* also alludes to the "fell spirit and demoniac party which drenched the land in blood." That is a truthful description of the spirit and the party which stole custom-houses, forts, and ships, and fired upon Fort Sumter; which hung, drowned, shot, and maimed Southern Union men, and tortured Northern Union men in prison pens. Is it because "the masses of the Northern people do not think for themselves" that the Richmond *Times* imagines they will believe the Government of the United States to have been that "demoniac party?" Or is it because the masses of the Southern people are *not* led like sheep by their demagogues that they swallow such chaff as food?

Once more the Richmond *Times* speaks of "that fierce tempest of blind hate and passion which, urged on by all the arch-fiends of Radicalism, is now sweeping the North from centre to circumference." What, again, is this tempest? It is the resolution of those whose hearts and homes are bleeding, that the hand which smote them shall not be paid for its devilish work. This "blind hate" does not call for a word or an act of vengeance; this "passion" demands only that the worst conceivable treason shall not be made honorable; these "arch-fiends of Radicalism" ask only that the States shall be equal in representation.

These are the "grooves of error into which they have slided," these unthinking masses of demagogue-led sheep, and they are now very "difficult to leave." Indeed, they are quite impossible. The Charleston *News* sees this clearly. Having seen the election returns, it says:

> "Disagreeable as the prospect may be, we are forced to conclude that, without any power in us to control the tide of events, we are drifting slowly back into the Union on the basis of the Constitutional Amendment, and that we will only cease to occupy our present anomalous position when we are represented in Congress by men who can take the test oath, and when our State offices are filled by men who have never violated an express oath of allegiance to the United States."

We trust the eyes of the Richmond *Times* may soon be opened likewise.

Mr. STEWART'S TENEMENT HOUSES.

The proposal of Mr. A. T. Stewart to give a million of dollars for the erection of good tenement houses, upon condition that proper ground shall be supplied, is a generous offer in which the whole public is interested. For so large a sum, judiciously expended, should be sufficient to establish the models of all such dwellings. There has been a great deal of attention devoted to the model lodging-house, especially in London, and it is quite time that something were done in this country to furnish better houses to those who are able to pay only the smallest rents. The extortion practiced upon the poor by the owners of the horrible rookeries in which the poorest people of this, or of any great city, huddle is among the chief infamies of civilization. If half the zeal were given to the prevention of crime that is bestowed upon its punishment, the sum of human happiness would be infinitely increased, and every man's taxes would be lessened. At least half our taxes go to correct consequences which a very little foresight would have avoided.

Mr. Stewart's example in this matter is one which may be most profitably followed. It is one also which is not only most serviceable but most natural to this country. The system of our society is happily free from the necessities which exist wherever a family is to be "founded" or maintained, and where, consequently, great hereditary estates are to be acquired and sustained. That is a sublime selfishness which is entirely uncongenial to our climate. When a rich American has built a fine house in town and country his whole establishment need not be wastefully expensive, even if it be profuse and splendid, for our scale is entirely different. Of course any man may toss money away; but the seat of an English nobleman, for instance, and his expenses are very different from those of the American merchant. The tendency here is, happily, not merely to the private enjoyment of great fortunes, but to the participation of their advantages with the public. The Vassar College, the Cooper Union, the Astor Library, the Cornell University, are illustrations which at once occur to every New Yorker, while other States have their own monuments of the same kind.

We do not understand that Mr. Stewart's intention is to erect a "Poor-house," or a place in which poor people are to be made paupers and treated as such, but that he designs healthful and pleasant dwellings at truly moderate but just rents. He does not offer a premium upon poverty; but he hopes to furnish pleasant, airy, and convenient lodgings at the same price which is now paid for noisomeness, filth, darkness, disease, and death. Probably he knows quite as well as the rest of us that clean houses alone are not enough to make clean people; but he doubtless is also fully aware that dirty and detestable houses do not make people clean. He sees, also, we may infer, that a vital reform of the inhabitants of the slums must begin outwardly in the material conditions. Sunday-school tracts, however excellent in themselves, are very pointless to a starving man; while the Christianity which begins by stimulating and helping those who are willing to help themselves in any way, at once proves itself to be a system of brotherly love. Good tenement houses in New York will be a model for all other cities, while the wise generosity that builds them will inspire similar designs every where.

IMBECILE FURY.

The *National Intelligencer* of Washington—a paper latterly known only by its abject servility to the President—says, with amusing falsity and fury, "They know that they are sworn to resist the restoration of the Union to the last extremity and with every means of violence which they can invoke." The desperate fellows who are thus intent upon national destruction are those who do not think that rebellion ought to be rewarded, and who believe in those who have been true to the Union, rather than in those who have made war upon it for four years. They also hold that the people in Congress are the proper authority to settle the questions arising from an armed effort to destroy the nation, and they object to the admission of accused persons to the jury-box at their own trial. They also believe that the honor of the nation and its most solemn pledges are to be inviolably respected by the people; and they are now engaged in expressing at the ballot-box their judgment upon such "conservative" influences as the *National Intelligencer*.

That delightful journal sees national safety only in the Conservative course of patriots like his Honor Mayor Monroe, of New Orleans, and perceives vital fidelity to the Constitution and the Union only in Judge Raphael Semmes, of the Probate Court of Mobile, or the Northern worthies who were sorry to hear that the Judge's yacht, the *Alabama*, had come to grief two or three years ago. The people who have saved the Union are its only enemies, thinks the *National Intelligencer*. Those who by fire and blood and unimaginable tortures of Union soldiers strove to destroy it, are its proved friends. The nest of Copperheads that hissed and darted at every act of the Government during the war is the true Union League; while those who elected Lincoln and held up his arms are a disorganizing, incendiary crew, of which the delectable *National Intelligencer* exclaims with anguish, "Anarchy is its opportunity; cruelty is its pastime; and falsehood its genius." The anarchy of the Union party was proved, probably, by saving the Government; its cruelty by not imitating the "conservatism" of Andersonville; its falsehood by asserting the truth of the Declaration of Independence.

It has been understood for some years that the *National Intelligencer* survived only by liberal alms; but what an enormous supply of Executive cold pieces must have been bestowed to produce such a ludicrous explosion of "Conservative" gratitude.

"AND, MOTHER! DRAW IT MILD!"

Carl Schurz took the liberty of observing that the freedmen universally celebrated the last Fourth of July while the late rebels did not. Thereupon the Fayetteville *Observer*, in Lincoln County, Kentucky, remarks:

> "Is that any of your business, you squash-headed, flop-eared, beer-swilling, garlic-eating, negro-loving, German convict? What do you know about the South, or the Fourth of July either? We loved our country, and always celebrated the anniversary of its independence in a becoming manner until it was overrun by several millions of foreign thieves and cut-throats like yourself, whose votes were bought up by Northern demagogues at a pint of lager beer each."

The gentle *Observer* is, of course, a warm friend of "conciliation" and "magnanimity," and has no patience with an "unconstitutional Congress," which suggests that rebellion shall not be rewarded with increased political power.

VENTILATION AGAIN.

In a previous article we developed the principles of ventilation; but there are some practical points in their application which we will now very briefly notice.

Before coal was introduced so extensively, and the open fire-place was in general use, there was ordinarily sufficient ventilation, at least among people in comfortable circumstances. The upward current in the chimney secured both that agitation of the air in the room which is necessary to the diffusion of noxious gases, and that change of the air by which it is renewed from without. This supposes, however, sufficient inlets for the introduction of fresh air. There was generally no difficulty about this as houses were formerly constructed—enough air would get in through crevices about the doors and windows, with the necessary occasional opening of the doors, to supply the want. But not so with tight joinings, and especially when there are double windows, making an almost air-tight arrangement. Then there must be some special provision for the introduction of air from without.

In heating rooms from a hot-air furnace it is easy to effect proper ventilation. Here fresh air is constantly introduced, and in such a way as to agitate the air in the room. All that you need in addition, therefore, is sufficient outlets to afford a proper escape for the air, and thus secure continual change. An objection is sometimes made to this mode of warming, that the air is *burned* by the highly heated iron of the furnace, and therefore is not fresh air. But what is meant by burned air? The gases which compose the air can not be changed in the least by the heated iron, unless it be the oxygen, and that only by oxydizing the iron, which can not be done to any appreciable extent, if at all. Impurities in the air may be burned, and the products may or may not be deleterious; but we are supposing that the air which goes to the furnace to be heated is pure.

If the furnace be a steam-heater, the apartments being warmed by reservoirs of steam, there is here no provision at all for ventilation, as there is in the ordinary furnace, and it must be secured by entirely independent expedients. These are very commonly not adequately provided, sometimes wholly neglected, and it is probable that the great majority of houses heated by steam are nothing like as well ventilated as those which are heated by the common furnace.

In our arrangements for ventilation it is important to avoid having currents of cold air strike upon individuals. In ill-ventilated public rooms, where resort is had to temporary expedients, much harm is often done in this way, especially to persons who are in delicate health. It is not our intention to discuss the various plans for ventilating rooms for public assemblies; but we would say that, in all cases, such permanent means of ventilation should be provided that there shall be no necessity for resorting to temporary expedients. It will cost something to do this, for the simple reason that, besides the expense of apparatus it costs more to heat a suitable supply of fresh air than half or one-third of that quantity. A few hundred dollars will cover all the expense of apparatus for any church or hall. This expenditure should be considered, in every case, an absolute necessity; and if it can not be provided for in any other way, it should be taken from the ornamentation of the building; for pleasing the eye is of small importance compared with the vital necessity of giving the lungs their due supply of air. But this is not the common sentiment; and any one who advocates the securing of ventilation in the construction of a public building will encounter opposition from the great mass of those who are interested. The difficulties that he will meet with are thus given by a clergyman, who succeeded in having his church properly ventilated at an expense of only three hundred dollars: "First, he will meet with indifference and opposition, and even ridicule, from the mass of those who are to be the most benefited. Secondly, not one architect in a hundred will render him the least assistance. Thirdly, builders will be sure to regard the whole thing as a humbug, and if not closely watched will brick up his flues or floor over his tubes, or do some other careless or malicious thing which will frustrate all his plans."

If harm is done to the health from imperfect ventilation in churches and halls, much more is it so in ill-ventilated factories and work-shops; for here the effect is both prolonged and often repeated. And to say nothing of humanitarian considerations, securing ventilation in a manufactory is a matter of economy to the owner. Just so far as there is a lack of supply of fresh air will there be a diminution of vigor in the workmen, and consequently a diminution in the amount of work which they will accomplish. Their efficiency depends as much on their being well aired as on their being well fed.

If the halls as well as the rooms of a house [illegible] warmed by a hot-air furnace, and there be freedom in leaving the doors of rooms open, there is no difficulty in effecting due ventilation by very simple means. The letting down of a window from the top here and there will answer. But when each room is warmed by itself more care is requisite to guard against exposure to cold currents. The smaller the room the greater is the difficulty. It is exceedingly difficult to ventilate properly a small room heated by a close stove; and therefore, even among well-informed people, a great deal of air is breathed over and over again in such rooms to the constant deterioration of the health. If we remember that sixty gallons of fresh air is the requisite supply for one person every hour, we can have some appreciation of the failure of this supply to persons who spend day and night in small, close rooms, and the consequent depressing influence to which the physical system is subjected. The effect is like that of a slow general poison, breaking down the health gradually but surely. Defective ventilation is, in fact, one of the prominent causes of disease, especially in our cities, where there is so much economy as to room, even among people that can well afford to have enough good air.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ELECTIONS.

General Geary's majority for Governor in Pennsylvania is over 16,000. There was a falling-off of the Union vote in Philadelphia, but this was counterbalanced by other portions of the State. There is also a gain of two Union Congressmen, Mr. Cake succeeding Strouse, and Mr. Covode, Dawson.

The Union majority in Indiana is about 15,000. The Congressional delegation remains of the same complexion as in the present Congress.

In Ohio the Union majority amounts to nearly 50,000. The Congressional delegation remains essentially unchanged.

Iowa goes all one way. She has not a single Democratic Congressman.

NEWS ITEMS.

Another city in Maine suffered severely from fire on October 9—the fifth in that State within two years. A fire broke out in Wiscasset, and raged for nine hours, destroying half the business portion of the place, and rendering forty families houseless.

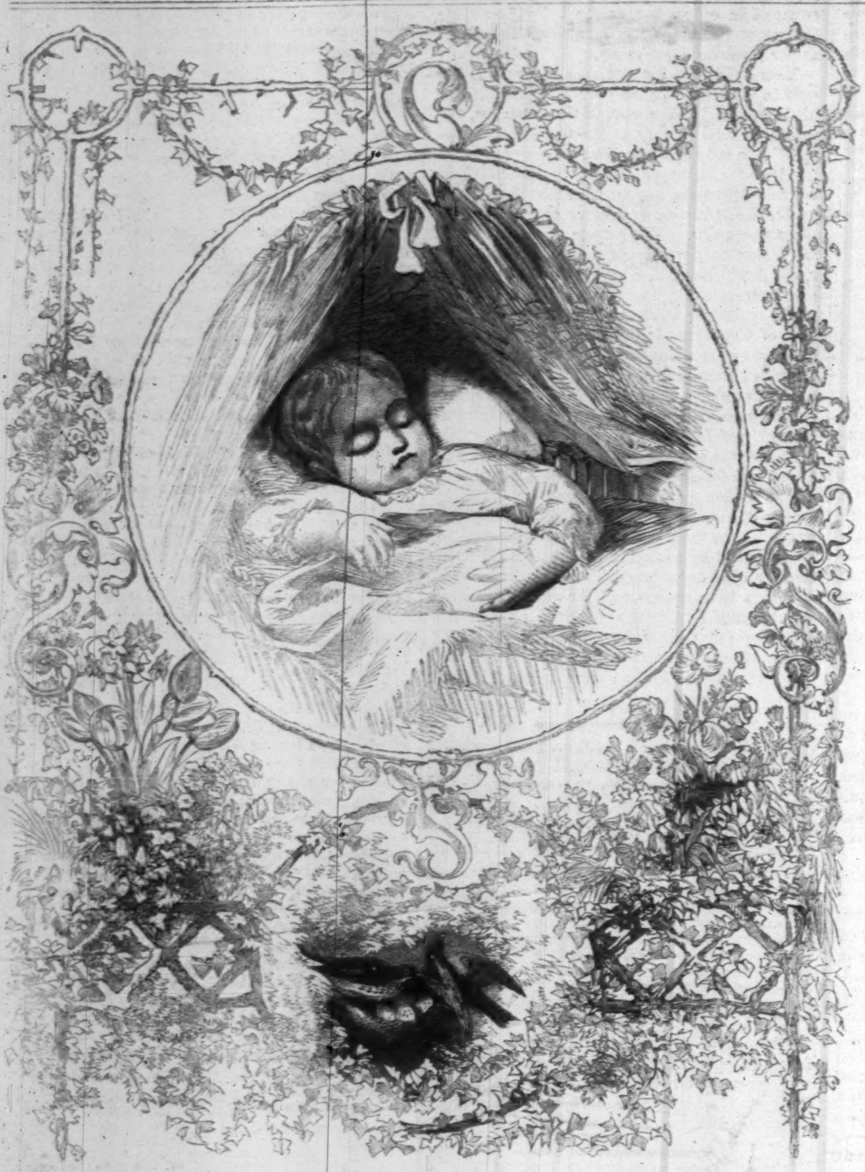
Letters from Port-au-Prince, dated September 18, state that the arsenal, containing a large quantity of gunpowder, took fire and exploded. The fire spread and destroyed the greater part of the town. Several vessels were burned. The loss of life is reported as very heavy.

On the 15th October a fire broke out in a suburb of Quebec, in the house of a grocer, and destroyed from two to three thousand buildings, rendering homeless upward of eighteen thousand people.

FOREIGN NEWS

The Emperor Napoleon left for Biarritz on the 20th of September. The state of his health, according to all accounts, is such as to excite alarm. At Biarritz, which is on the Bay of Biscay, the Empress Eugenie has a chateau, and is staying there with the Prince Imperial. At Biarritz Count Bismarck met the Emperor shortly after the arrival of the latter. The Roman Question is that which now presses most heavily upon the Emperor's attention. The Emperor's late manifesto promises to withdraw the French troops, but also pledges the honor of France to the protection of the Pope. But some of his Generals have intimated that not only the security but the defense of the Pope's authority is to be maintained. The Pope's person is probably safe enough in any event, but a mercenary legion of 1200 men (to whom Marshal Randon intrusts the functions heretofore performed by French troops) will scarcely suffice to uphold the Papal authority against the wishes of the Italians. The latter will proceed with caution, and will not spoil their chance of success by any violent outbreak. If the Emperor keeps his word, it will not be long before the Pope's sovereignty will be limited by the walls of the Vatican and St. Peter's. As to the soldiers offered by the Queen of Spain for the Pope's protection, they will never be allowed on Italian soil.

The Cretan insurrection appears to be confined to that island. We hear nothing further of the progress of revolutionary movements on the Turkish main land. Epirus and Thessaly are free from disturbance. Turkey will be able to throw continually fresh troops into Crete as they may be needed, and the Greeks will be compelled to flee to the mountains or leave the island. This latter course many are taking, and no less than 43,000 of the Turkish peasantry have quitted their homes in the interior and fled for refuge to the city of Candia. If this continues the wealth and labor of the country will be scared away from the scenes of outrage and bloodshed that may take place, and the passions of the savage combatants will have free scope over the solitude they have made. It is possible that foreign interference may seem, in this state of affairs, to be advisable in the interests of humanity.



"BABY HAS DROPPED ASLEEP."

Now Franky, boy, 'tis time for bed;
  Put up those books, I pray:
And Katy, dear, those toys of yours
  Must all be cleared away.
The clock struck six some time ago,
  Sounding through all the room;
And ere it gives us seven, you know,
  Father will be at home.

He says there is no place to him
  So sweet as this his home;
So sweet that he can never care
  Elsewhere for joy to roam.
So let us make it nice and snug,
  That he may not complain,
But feel it e'er his guiding-star
  Through all the dark and rain.

Now softly, Frank; don't make a noise—
  Baby has dropped asleep:
She's been as good as gold all day;
  I want her so to keep.
Off with your boots, and say your prayers;
  You must be ready quite
To go to bed when father comes,
  And you have said "good-night."

NOTES FROM A SEA JOURNAL.

By ROGER STARBUCK.

In the year 18— our ship, the *St. Albans*, anchored off Honolulu, Sandwich Islands.

The vessels in the harbor were mostly whalers; but there was a large merchantman anchored to windward of us; and about fifty fathoms ahead lay the Russian frigate *Diana* of fifty guns. Beneath me, on our decks, the men were at work, hoisting water-casks from the hold, under the superintendence of Mr. Gibbs, the first mate, who, to the amusement of some of the Russian officers leaning over the quarter-rail of their vessel, was constantly breaking one of the ten commandments in a manner peculiarly his own. Suddenly he paused and colored with confusion as a tall, thin, benevolent-looking old gentleman, who had come off in a shore boat, stepped aboard, and, touching him on the shoulder, offered him a tract. The visitor was immediately recognized as the Rev. S. C. Damon, Seaman's Chaplain, and editor of a Honolulu paper. His timely arrival was hailed with pleasure by the persecuted workmen, to each of whom he presented a tract and a copy of his interesting little paper, *The Friend*. Soon the first officer, who had dodged into the cabin, reappeared, dressed in shining broadcloth. He seemed to think that the splendor of his attire would atone for his late violent behavior; he strutted rather than walked toward the "divine," and grasping his hand, pompously remarked that "he was *now* in a fit condition to welcome his visitor to the ship in the absence of the captain, who was ashore."

The Chaplain was evidently amused. He said, however, that he was very glad to be so kindly received. Then, having by this time distributed all his tracts and papers, he turned to depart, gently declining an invitation from the mate to step into the lower hold and see the "ile" (oil).

An hour later I was ashore. Having a few reals to spend I entered a shop kept by a Chinaman to purchase a straw-hat. While trying one on I heard a plaintive voice outside of the store, and turning saw an old Kanaka—a pitiful-looking object, who seemed to have lost the use of both legs—clinging to the sleeve of a gentleman whom I recognized as a well-known and very benevolent "missionary."

The native was begging for a few cents; he declared that he had not eaten any thing for several days, except a piece of a water-melon, thrown to him by a sailor.

To my surprise the missionary, turning a deaf ear to the man's pleading, disengaged himself from his clutches and hurried off.

"That is very strange," I said, turning to the shop-keeper; and I put down the hat, remarking that I had concluded to give my reals to the beggar.

The Chinaman could not speak a word of English. He posted himself between me and the beggar, however, and motioned me back, rattling off at the same time a whole volley of words in his own tongue, which I could not understand. I pushed past him and gave my reals to the beggar, who thanked me with tears in his eyes, after which he dragged himself toward a bakeshop not far distant.

Feeling very glad that I had found an opportunity to relieve the sufferings of a fellow-creature, I returned to the ship.

Early the next morning, while seated in the steerage, I heard on deck such cries as are seldom heard in port.

"There it is!" screamed a number of voices—"there blows!—off there toward the reef—a big blackfish!"

I rushed on deck, and glancing to leeward saw, sure enough, the well-known spout. It was seen, I believe, almost at the same instant, by every man on the decks of the whole fleet; for a simultaneous shout, that seemed to pierce the very caverns of the clouds overhead, now was heard, followed by clamorous orders to "clear away the boats there!"—to "hurry up that line"—to "get those harpoons ready," etc. etc.

In a few minutes the waters of the harbor were dotted with hundreds of boats, their crews with rolled up sleeves and strained eyeballs, pulling like madmen toward that single spout. Poor blackfish!—it had certainly ventured upon dangerous ground. The din of voices was terrific; while each officer, anxious for the honor of being the first to strike the fish, encouraged his crew with all the power of his lungs; the rigging of the merchant ships and the frigate swarmed with spectators, who laughed, clapped their hands, and applauded. I belonged to the larboard boat, which, on this occasion, contained the best oarsmen in the fleet, as was soon proved by our leaving our competitors many fathoms behind us.

On we flew, and presently I heard the mate order our harpooner, Tom Chimes, to "stand up."

A moment later we peaked our oars, when the voice of the first officer, shrieking the well-known order, "Give it to him!" pierced our ears. Whiz went the iron from Tom's hand, and, turning, we were sorry to discover that he had missed.

Breeching its full length out of water, the frightened fish now bounded like a shot over the surf that sweeps, booming, across the reef at this point to a great height.

To stem the careering wall of water in a whale-boat was out of the question, so the whole fleet of boats now became nearly stationary, their crews and officers uttering yells and groans of disappointment.

Suddenly, however, all eyes were riveted upon a canoe, which, worked by a single native, was rapidly approaching the reef. In the bow stood another Kanaka, armed with a well-sharpened harpoon of great length and calibre. As the light vessel shot past us I was astonished to recognize in this man the old beggar to whom I had given my reals!

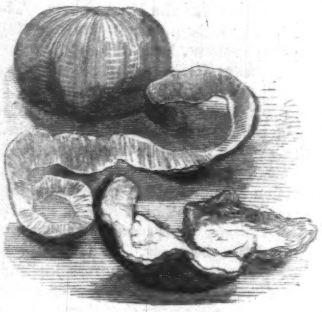
I pointed him out to Tom Chimes, and told my story in a few words. "You've been imposed upon," said he; "that chap is an old Kanaka who is worth his thousands, earned by whaling in different vessels as harpooner. Of late years he's grown lazy and taken to begging for a living, pretending to those who don't know him that he has lost the use of his legs. Now, however, as there's a chance for him to make something in an easy way—for he's one of the best at an iron that was ever known—he's grown smart again!"

Even as my shipmate spoke, the canoe, skillfully worked by the man at the paddle, was borne forward over the reef with terrific velocity on the crest of a sea that rose to a height not less than thirty feet!

This manœuvre is often practiced by the natives of Oahu, and is performed with a skill that usually enables them to clear the reef without shipping a drop of water into their frail vessels. Very soon we perceived that the Kanaka was fast to the blackfish. He had contrived to strike that tender part of its body which by whalemen is termed the "life spot." The creature came up near the beach, spouting blood, and died in a few minutes.

Subsequently the Kanaka sold his prize to a whaling captain in the harbor for fifty dollars, after which, I believe, he continued his occupation of street begging, until he was arrested and locked up in the calaboose.

When released he shipped in a vessel bound to the United States. I do not know whether he is now living or dead; there are few old whalemen, however, who have not heard of "Kanaka Jim," once the best harpooner that ever hurled an iron from a boat's bow.



ORANGE-PEEL;

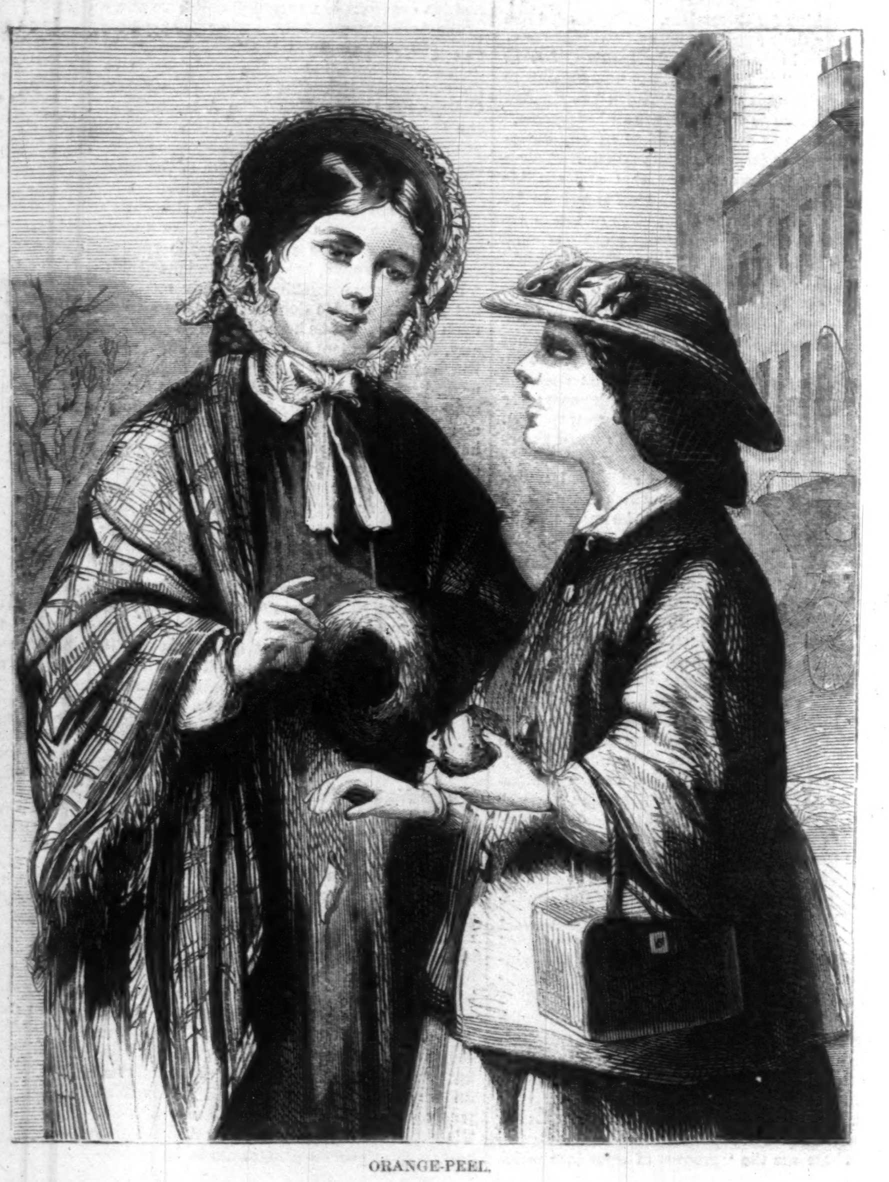
OR, A NEW-TESTAMENT LAW.

"Emma," said a faithful nurse, "don't throw that orange-peel on the flags, and thereby break a New-Testament law."

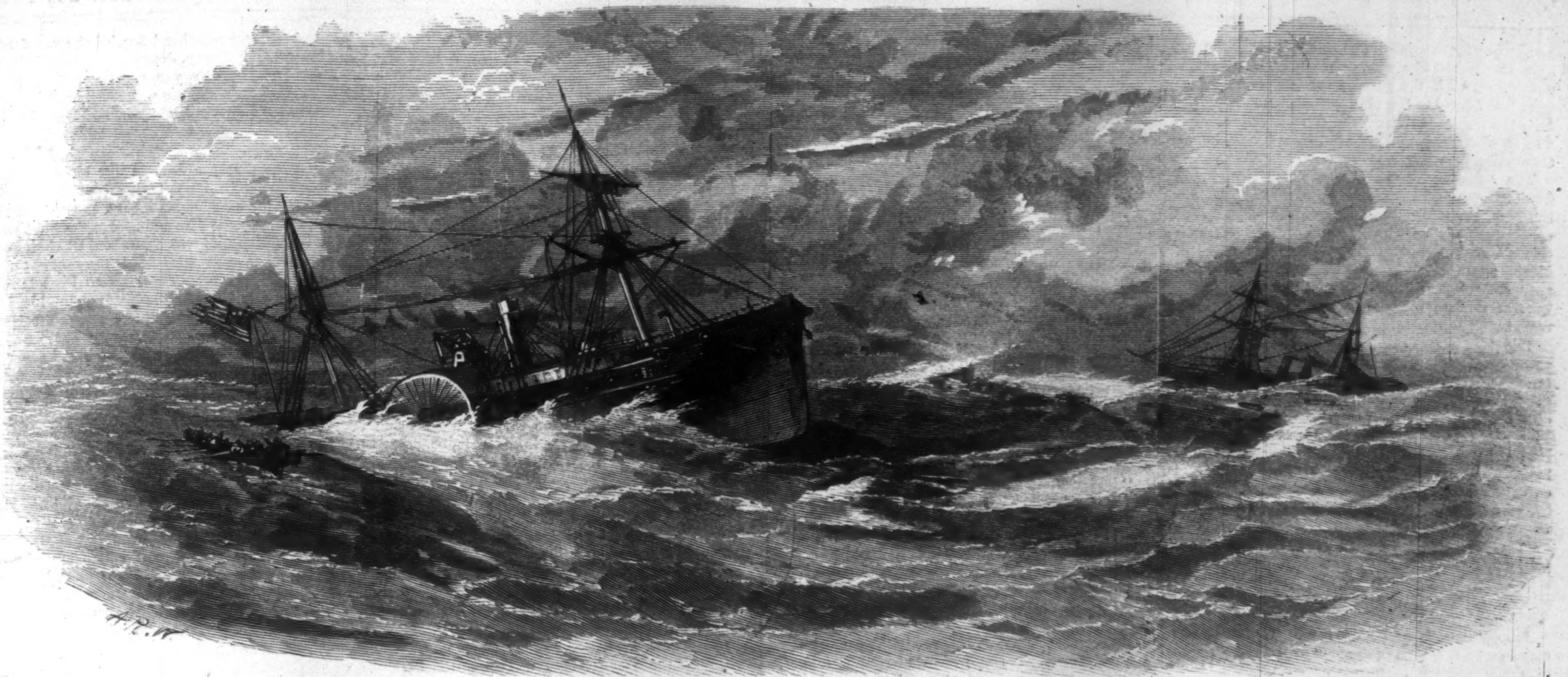
"What! is there a law in the New Testament about orange-peel?"

"'*Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.*' You would not like any one to throw *you* down, or cause *you* to stumble, and perhaps injure a limb for life. Do not, then, endanger the life or limb of another. Many have been lamed for life by people throwing, as you have done, pieces of orange-peel on the flags. Some time ago a porter in New York was carrying a heavy bag on his back, when he stepped on a piece of orange-peel which a boy had carelessly thrown on the flags, and that fall caused his death. When his poor wife and children arrived at the hospital he was a corpse! I could tell you of several cases of persons who are cripples for life through falls by orange-peel. If, therefore, you would love your neighbor as yourself never throw orange-peel on the flags."

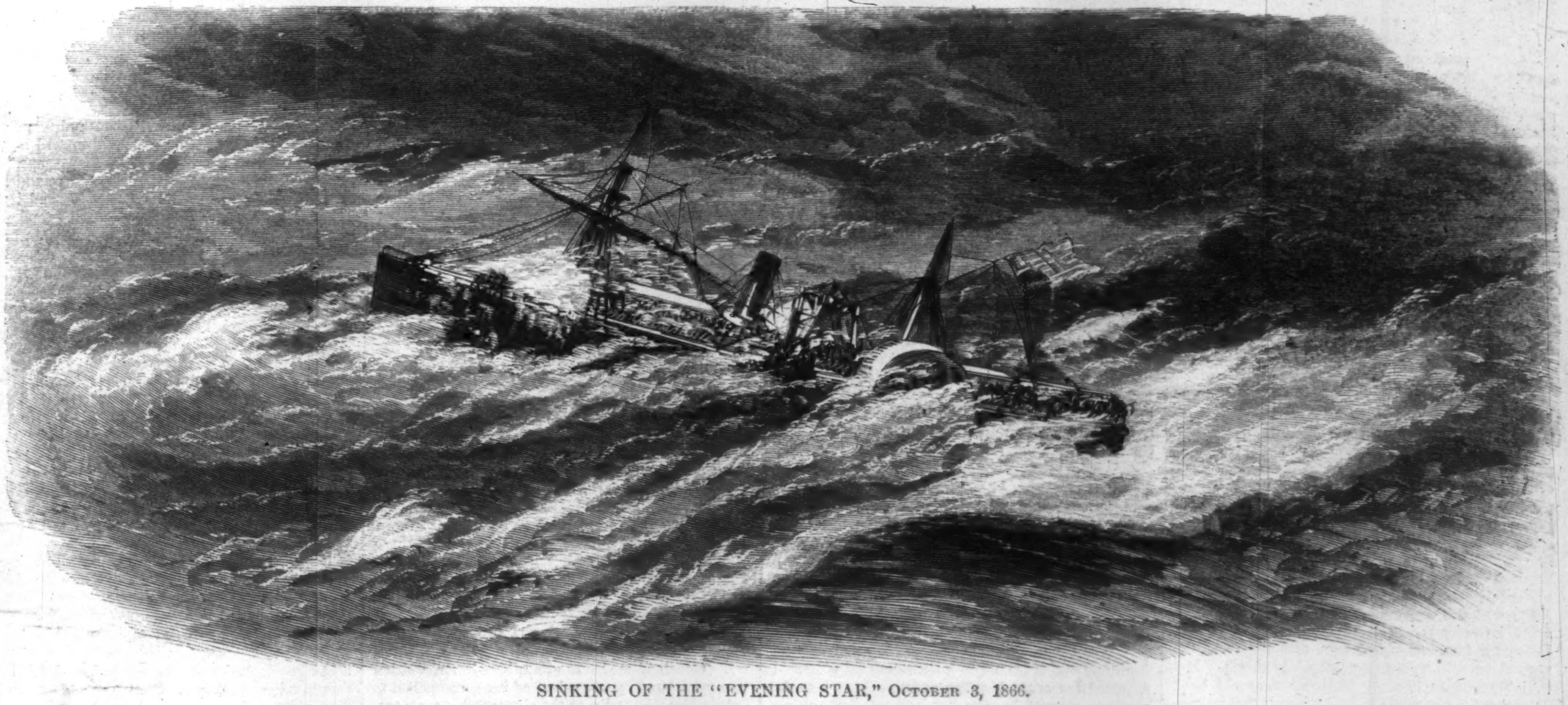
"Thank you, nurse, for so kindly reproving me of a very thoughtless habit. I will strive not only to remember what you have said about the New-Testament law, but will also throw off from the flags any pieces of orange-peel that I may find left there by others."



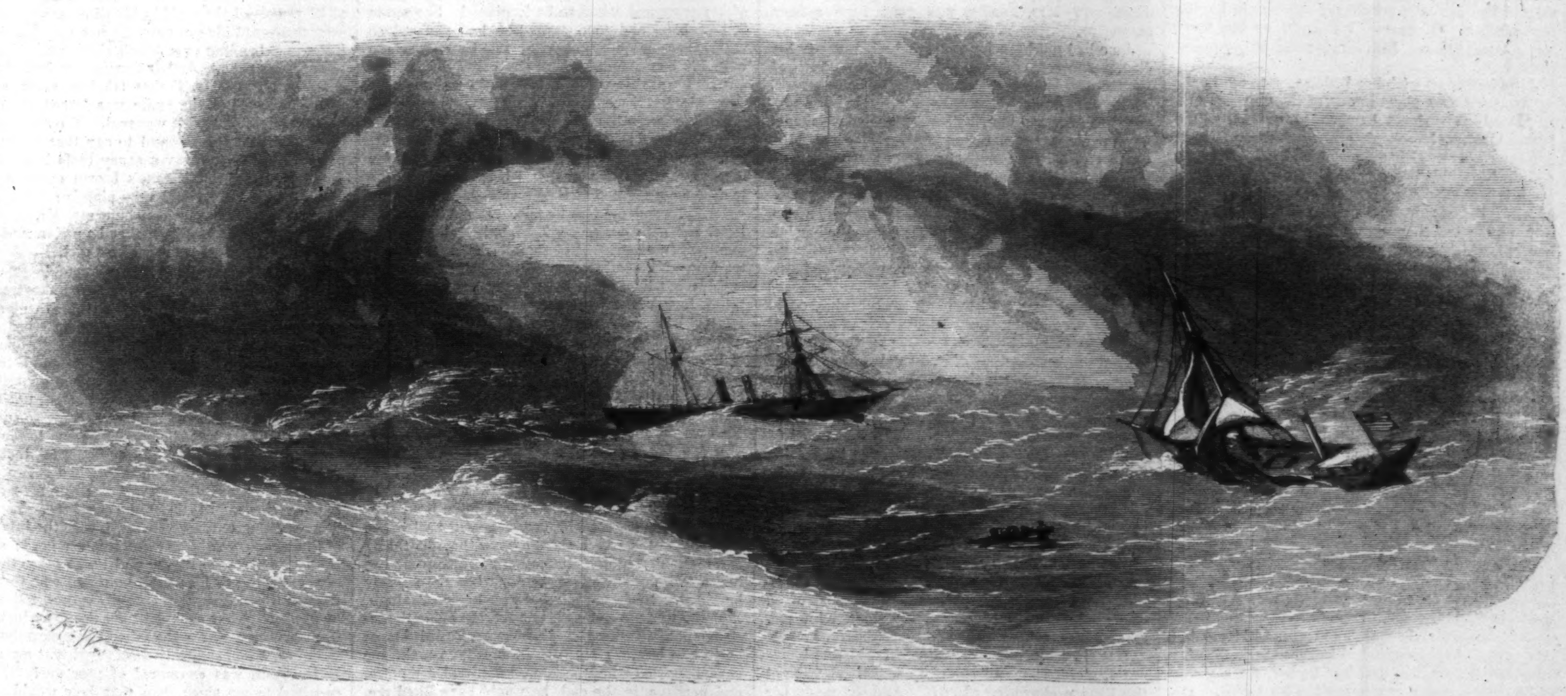
ORANGE-PEEL.



SINKING OF THE "DANIEL WEBSTER," AND SAVING OF THE PASSENGERS AND CREW BY THE "GEORGE CROMWELL," October 3, 1866.—[Sketched by W. D. Hempstead.]



SINKING OF THE "EVENING STAR," October 3, 1866.



THE "GEORGE CROMWELL" PICKING UP THE CREW OF THE SCHOONER "MINNEHAHA," October 4, 1866.
[Sketched by W. D. Hempstead, Purser of the "George Cromwell."]

THREE SHIPWRECKS.

We illustrate on this page three shipwrecks—those of the *Daniel Webster*, the *Minnehaha*, and the *Evening Star*, occurring during the recent disastrous gales off the Atlantic coast. The *Daniel Webster* and the *Minnehaha* were so fortunate as to prove shipwrecks fatal only to the vessels, while the *Evening Star* foundered and went down with nearly all of her passengers.

The *Daniel Webster* (Captain J. Bolger), a side-wheel steamship of 1050 tons, was owned by Captain George S. Wright. She was used as a transport during the war, but has since plied as a regular trader between New York and Mobile. She started on her last trip for Mobile September 27, with a crew numbering 25, and 18 passengers. On the 29th she encountered strong gales, with a heavy sea and rain. The gale increased, and on the evening of October 2 there came on a heavy storm with a tremendous sea, the vessel laboring heavily and shipping large quantities of water. Before the morning of the 3d the gale had become a hurricane, and the ship hove to. The guard and wheel-house were broken up at 4 p.m. on the 3d, and the vessel had the appearance of a wreck. That night a heavy sea stove in the forecastle hatch, and every sea that came on board went below and the ship filled rapidly, the water putting out the fires. The pumps now gave out, and all hands, including the passengers, went to bailing water. The vessel was soon at the mercy of the elements and sinking. At 7

A.M. on the 4th the *George Cromwell* (Captain VAILL) hove in sight. The boats were launched and the passengers, with the greater portion of the crew, were transferred to the *George Cromwell*. At 10.35 A.M. the *Daniel Webster* sank, stern foremost. She was an old vessel, and believed by some to be unseaworthy.

The schooner *Minnehaha*, of Baltimore, sailed from Savannah for Richmond September 29. On the 30th, about 80 miles east from Charleston, she encountered a gale which soon increased to a hurricane with a tremendous sea. The vessel sprang aleak, and all hands applied themselves to the pumps. On the 4th of October the crew, numbering five persons, were saved by the *George Cromwell* from a disastrous death by shipwreck.

But the *Evening Star* had no saving *George Cromwell* near her when she went down, October 3, in a hurricane. The *Evening Star* was considered a good vessel, and was built in this city at a cost of $500,000. She was one of the celebrated Star Line of steamships, plying between New York and New Orleans. She was under the charge of WILLIAM KNAPP, an officer of acknowledged ability and experience. She encountered a severe gale on the 2d, when 180 miles east of Tybee Island. After weathering the storm for seventeen hours she foundered at 6 A.M. on the 3d, with 270 souls on board. Only twenty-three persons are known to have been saved. All of the women but two seem to have been lost. The captain was drowned. There were on board nearly one hundred young women of the *demi-[illegible]le*, a New Orleans opera troupe, comprising 59 singers who had been engaged in Paris, and a circus company numbering about 30 persons.

It appears that the ship went down, boats and all. But a few of the crew and two or three of the passengers were fortunate enough to lay hold on the life-boats when they came to the surface. Purser E. S. ALLEN and nine others were two days out on the open sea without food or water, when they were picked up by the *Fleetwing*, bound for Southampton, England. On the 6th they were transferred to the *J. S. Waring*. The *Morning Star* picked up three of the crew and four passengers, two of whom were women. The third mate, three sailors, and a passenger, FRANK GARRARD, of Brooklyn, New York, succeeded in reaching Fernandina, Florida, October 7.

COUSIN JANE.

WHEN my little cousin, Jane Lumley, came to me one morning, and said in her blushing way: "Cousin William, Mr. Forbes has proposed to me, and I have accepted him," I felt that I must be a very old cousin indeed, a very safe cousin as girls would say, or she would never have chosen me for a confidant.

I was pleased, and I was sorry, to hear the tidings. I was pleased, because it was a very good offer; and I was sorry, because Mr. Forbes would take Jane away—selfish animal!—and though I had never cared to marry her myself, I thought it a hard case to see her marry another. However, as pleasure had come first, so it was the predominant feeling, and I shook hands with Jane, and congratulated her on her good fortune. For it was decidedly good fortune. Mr. Forbes, though a widower, was not thirty; he was good-looking and accomplished; he was well off too, and had a charming home within a convenient distance of London; in short, he was a most eligible husband for Jane, who had not a farthing of her own, and who owed the very clothes she wore to my father's kindness. Not that he thought it much kindness, dear old boy! Jane was his pet, and I feel pretty sure that he considered Mr. Forbes a very fortunate man in having secured her. Of course, I thought so too, for I knew Jane's value. Still Mr. Forbes's offer puzzled me.

Jane had come with her little story to me in the garden: we were alone in one of the green arbors. She stood in the shade, bareheaded, modest, with a happy blush on her cheek, and a soft dewy light in her brown eyes. I had never seen her look half so well in her whole life as she looked then—and, shall I say it?—Jane did not look at all pretty! No, not at all. No one, indeed, could call Jane ugly or even plain; but there was an absence of beauty in her face, which was the more remarkable that pretty girls abounded in our county. She had a nice figure, a graceful carriage, a pleasant voice, and a happy look; that she had, and no more. She was also a sensible girl, clever, well-bred, and amiable, though dreadfully shy with strangers; but how could Mr. Forbes know any thing of Jane save her shyness? He had not seen her more than a dozen times in all, and Jane was so quiet that he must be a very penetrating and far-seeing man indeed if he had discovered her merits during those brief interviews. I ventured on expressing some surprise. "How sly you both have been, Jenny," I said.

"No, William, not at all sly, I assure you," she replied, gravely. "I had no idea Mr. Forbes thought of such a thing till he mentioned it the other day."

"Then you did not say 'yes' at once, Jenny?"

"How could I? I was so confused that I should not even have asked for time to think over it, if he had not made the suggestion."

It was very plain that Jane was not in love; but then how odd if he were! I had seen them together the day before this, and Mr. Forbes, for a young man, was a cool lover, to say the least of it. Despite her inexperience in such matters, Jane felt some surprise too, and she expressed it with a mixture of sauciness and simplicity which she often displayed with me, but which she had certainly never showed to Mr. Forbes.

I was alone with her on the evening before the wedding-day. We sat in the parlor, by one of the open windows, and we looked out at the garden. I could not help thinking that this garden would seem very dull and lonely when my little cousin Jenny was gone. No more should I hear her gayly caroling in the morning, as she ran down the alleys, light and blithe as a bird on the wing. No more would I see her reading in one of the arbors as intent as a young Muse. No more would the waving of her muslin dress or the pattering of her little feet on the gravel give me pleasant thoughts of youth and girlhood. She was going off to Paris with that cold Mr. Forbes, and after their honey-moon trip he would place her to his house and keep her there forever. These were dismal thoughts; so, with a groan, I said:

"You are going away to-morrow, Jane?"

"Yes," she answered, in a low voice. "Do you know, I can scarcely believe it, cousin William."

"Nonsense," I said, a little crossly. "You like it. I have no doubt you are desperately in love with Mr. Forbes by this time."

"No, I am not," she replied, with one of her little solemn ways; "it is very odd, but I am not in love with Mr. Forbes, in spite of all his devotion to me."

Mr. Forbes's settlements had been very liberal indeed, but other devotion I had not seen.

"It is very wrong," continued poor Jenny, in a tone of keen remorse; "but it is no fault of mine, you know. Nevertheless, I spoke to Mr. Forbes about it the other day."

"Did you, though?" I exclaimed, rather startled at this unnecessary piece of candor.

"Yes; and he said it did not matter, that we should be very happy together, and that I would be, he knew, a good mother to his little boy."

I don't exactly know what reply I gave little Jane; I dare say some truism about the non-necessity of ardent love on her part, for she said, in her serious way:

"So I think, cousin William; besides, you know, feeling that deficiency, I must, of course, make it up by being ever so much better than I might have been if I had returned all Mr. Forbes's feelings."

But she sighed; perhaps the prospect of being so very good seemed a little austere to my young cousin. Aunt Mary came in and put an end to the conversation. I went out to smoke a cigar, and did not see Jane till the next morning.

A pleasant blushing bride my cousin looked, almost pretty and quite happy. Mr. Forbes was, as usual, very handsome; a little pale, perhaps, but I am bound to say that he went through the trying marriage ceremony with manly fortitude. When it was over he seemed to have cast a weight of care away, and accepted our congratulations and good wishes with something like a happy smile. The wedding-breakfast was late, and I did not see much of him before we all sat down; but, when we did so, I thought Mr. Forbes looked a very excitable bridegroom, and that even quiet little Jane had very fitful spirits for a bride. I drew no conclusions until Jane entered the library, where I stood alone, to bid me good-by. We had spent many pleasant hours in that library, and I did not wonder that Jane showed some emotion on finding me there. But when she came up to me, and, instead of taking my hand, threw her arms around my neck and laid her cold cheek to mine, and burst into sobs and tears, I felt a wonder verging on alarm.

"Jane, my dear girl, my darling, what ails you?" I said, anxiously.

"I am going away," she sobbed; "oh, cousin William, I am going away!"

She would say no more. She was going away, but surely she had known that all along; and surely it was not to go and leave us that could put her in such a state of despair as this. I could get no explanation from her. There was no time. The carriage was waiting; they were looking for her.

"I am coming, I am coming!" she cried, darting from me, and speaking in a light-hearted voice. I followed her out. Mr. Forbes handed her into the carriage, stepped in after her, and my little cousin Jane, now Mrs. Forbes, was gone forever from among us.

Jane had not been long married when my father died. Aunt Mary was ordered to the south of France, and I remained alone with the housekeeper. These were dreary days. I wished now I had proposed to Jane and married her; I fancied we should have made a happier couple than Mr. and Mrs. Forbes. She wrote now and then; she never complained, but she never once said, "I am happy." She praised Mr. Forbes and his house, and spoke of her position and her comforts—of herself, never. The theme that most frequently recurred in her letters was Arthur, Mr. Forbes's little boy. She recorded his sayings and doings with evident fondness, and I began to think that a young bride whose mind was so much engrossed by her husband's child could not be a very happy one. I had received a general invitation to Mr. Forbes's house, and though Jane did not once remind me of it, I resolved to visit the Elms. It would be a change; besides, I wanted to see why Jane was not happy. I am bound to say that, though my visit was unexpected, Mr. Forbes received me very cordially.

"Jane will be delighted to see you," he said; "she is out with my little boy."

Jane came in presently with a sickly, peevish-looking little fellow—the wonderful Arthur, about whom she had had so much to write. She colored on seeing me, but delight in her face I saw not. If I could have believed it of Jane I should have thought she was sorry I had come. She stammered a welcome, however; but, as I soon perceived, shunned every opportunity of remaining alone with me. Once I caught her on the staircase.

"Well, Jane, are you happy?" I whispered.

"Oh, quite happy," she replied, airily. "Is not the Elms a charming place?" And she made her escape.

Yes, the Elms was a charming place; a brown old house, spacious and convenient, with a gay flower-garden around it, and beyond this a region of ancient elm-trees scattered on a grassy slope. Truly the mistress of this pleasant abode and well-ordered household, the wife of that handsome, agreeable gentleman, ought to have been a happy woman; but she was not. I saw it at once. Jane had grown thin and pale, and looked sad and careworn. Nor did Mr. Forbes look a happy man. I did not like the rigid lines which a few months had made in his handsome face. He was very kind to his wife, and strictly polite; but of fondness, of love, of tenderness, I saw no sign. He kept these for his child, who was certainly one of the most ill-tempered little three-year-old wretches I had ever seen. Yet Jane seemed to rival her husband in doting affection for that little monkey, who began our acquaintance by making faces at me, and followed it up by biting my leg before dinner. "He was a great sufferer," apologetically said his father.

I thought I was the sufferer in this particular instance, but I bore the pain—I have the mark to this day—with that heroism which politeness alone can inspire. I did not intend paying Mr. Forbes and his wife a long visit; but our intentions have little power over the course of events. That same evening I took a walk with Mr. Forbes, stumbled over the root of a tree, and sprained my ankle. It was very provoking. My sprain was one of the worst; the doctor who was called in ordered rest—total rest, he said. In short, I was condemned to spend many days, some weeks, perhaps, at the Elms. Mr. Forbes behaved unexceptionably; he was cordial, he was kind, he was hospitable; and my little Jane, on seeing me in severe pain, became once more my dear little Jane of old times. She was a good deal with me—I mean alone with me. Her husband had business in London, and went there daily; and while I lay stretched on a sofa in the parlor, Jane sat and worked and watched Arthur and his maid out in the garden.

"Jane," I said to her one day, after biding my time, "why are you not happy?"

Jane became crimson, and I saw her little fingers tremble as she vainly tried to thread her needle.

"I—I am very happy," she stammered.

"No, Jane, you are not; neither is Mr. Forbes. I do not want to meddle between you; but yet, Jane, if a word of sound, sensible advice from cousin William would help to set matters right, why not give yourself the chance, and him the pleasure, of that word?" Her color came and went; her work dropped on her lap; she clasped her hands and said:

"Oh! if you could—if you could tell me something—advise me, I mean. Oh! cousin William, if you could make my husband like me!"

"I always suspected this," I replied, rather ruefully; "but, child, I must know why he married you. Do you know?"

"Oh yes," she answered, in a very peculiar tone; "and that is just the mischief. If I had known nothing, all might have been well."

This was very mysterious. It took me some time and trouble to make Jenny more explicit; at length she told me all.

"When we were really married," she began, "and I came home his wife, and looked at him and felt proud of him, I was happy. Oh! so happy. Perhaps you remember that, even before changing my dress, I went down the garden. I had a foolish fancy to gather some of my favorite flowers and take them with me. I thought to be alone there; but some one had given Mr. Forbes a letter on our coming in, and he had gone to the garden to read it. I saw him in the summer-house, sitting in your chair, his head flung on the table, his arms clasped above it; and I heard him groaning as if he were in great agony. I turned cold and trembled. I knew it was no physical pang that wrung those moans from him. The letter he had been reading was on the ground by him. I picked it up and stood with it in my hand, looking at him. He had not heard, and he did not heed me. I looked just at the first words; and when I had read them, I could not leave off till I had finished the whole letter. God help me! It was a love-letter, written to my husband by one who had been compelled to betray him; but who, at the eleventh hour, repented her error and asked to be forgiven! She wrote full of hope and fondness. She had suffered so much that he could not, she said, be long angry with his own Annie! Yes, she called herself his own. I was his wife; I had not been an hour married; I still wore my white dress, my veil, and my orange-wreath, and another woman wrote thus to my husband! He now roused himself and saw me. I still held the letter in my hand, and my face, no doubt, told him that I had read it; for he took it from me and walked away—both without a word. I wondered how he felt. Was he sorry the letter had not come sooner? Would he have given me up even at the foot of the altar? I know better now—I know Mr. Forbes could not be dishonorable; but then my mind was not my own. One thing, however, was clear. He did not love me. He had wished to marry me in order to punish the ingrate, and to hurry our marriage in order to forestall hers, and show her how little he felt her faithlessness. He had taken me, poor, plain, and unattractive, that I might owe him much, and he, the rich, handsome gentleman, owe me very little. That was it, and, cousin William, it was very bitter.

"You know now why we are not, and can not be, happy. It is because I read that letter. I am like Psyche, and, like her, I pay for my error. If I had remained ignorant I should have been content. Mr. Forbes would have acted his part to the end, and to the end I should have thought that I had fascinated him. But my poor little pride has had a fall, and little cousin Jane has been sorely humbled. She knows, what you knew all along, that she was never loved, but merely made the instrument of an angry lover's revenge. Still, I must be just to him. I am sure he meant to make me very happy—to be generous, kind, and attentive, and perhaps, in the end, he would have liked me. Only, you see, now he can not. I know too much. As he is in your presence, so he is in private—a perfect gentleman. I, who meant to be so good, so devoted, so dutiful even, never find a word to say to my husband. I answer when he speaks, and that is all. I am cold as a statue when he is by. I feel it, I know it, and I can not help it: that Annie is ever between us, and she freezes me. I have never seen her; I do not know who she is, what she is like; but sometimes I lie awake at night and think, 'If he were to find me dead to-morrow, would he be very sorry; he could marry his Annie?'"

Poor little Jane! My heart ached for her, and it ached all the more that I fancied she was fond of her husband. "Jenny, Jenny," said I, with a sigh, "I will tell you why you can do nothing to win Mr. Forbes; it is because you like him."

She hid her face in her hands, and I saw her forehead, her neck even, turn crimson.

"Yes, that is it," she said at length, looking up and turning pale again. "I like him—I who reproached myself for not caring enough about him when we married—I who meant to try so hard to get that liking. I like him. He does not see it, he never will see it; but if he should I shall be the most wretched of women. It is the thought of my indifference that reconciles him to his lot; if he knew the truth he would find it unendurable."

"How do you know that?" I asked, much startled.

"I can not tell you, but I know it. I nearly betrayed myself once, and I can not forget his look of uneasiness and alarm."

"Jane, you slander your husband."

"No," she replied, quietly, "and you must not misunderstand me and wrong him. I am quiet, you know; well, I believe that Mr. Forbes took me partly for that. 'Here is a girl who will expect no devotion, no fondness, no nonsense,' he thought, 'nothing, at least, that I can not give her.' Suppose he finds out that I am not the woman he thought me, and that when I married I did expect to love and to be loved, will it not be misery to him to try and fulfill his part of the compact?"

Alas! that was true, and because it was true I heaved a deep sigh. At that moment the parlor-door opened and Arthur came in. At once he crept up to his young step-mother. She took him on her knee, and twining his arms around her neck he nestled on her bosom, and thence looked at me with a pale, pitiful little face that made me forgive him all his sins.

"Jane," I said, and I am not ashamed to add that my eyes were dim—"there is your hope and your link with the father."

Jane shook her head rather sadly.

"No link," she replied, "but, if possible, a cause of further division. When I came and found this poor sickly thing my heart yearned toward it, perhaps because it suffered like myself; perhaps," she added, with a faint blush, "because it was his. I called it, and it came. I caressed it, and it fell asleep in my arms. When it was sick I tended it; when it was peevish and fretful through pain I bore with it; and thus, I suppose, it loved me. But, you see, it loves me too much. One who ought to be first is second now, and second far away. I am obeyed when another is not heeded; I am sought when another is left; and I am not his Annie that the preference should not be resented; not against me, indeed, not against the child, but resented as a wrong. For if there be a being passionately loved it is this little pale creature. His mother died when he was born, and his father almost became a woman for his sake. He nursed him, he tended him, and I reap the sweet fruit of love—I, who had not the care of the tree. But I can not help it. This is my comfort in sadness; this little warm living creature clinging to me, and I can not give it up. When I talk to it and play with it, when I dress it, as I like to do daily, I feel almost happy. Arthur is not always cross as you have seen him, cousin William; Arthur does not always bite, for Arthur is not always in pain, poor little fellow! He has days when he is bright and merry and frolicsome, without mischief, just like a young kid. Eh, Arthur?"

Arthur looked up; she stooped, and their lips met in a long fond kiss. They were thus when Mr. Forbes entered the room. I saw his color change as he perceived the child in his wife's arms; but he soon recovered his composure, came up to us cheerfully, and, bending over Jane's shoulder, asked Arthur to kiss papa. Arthur frowned, and gave papa a sulky push. Mr. Forbes tried to smile as he walked away, but the smile was forced, though a blush which followed it was real. We are none of us perfect, and I am bound to say that as Arthur pushed his father away a saucy little look of triumph passed through Jane's brown eyes: a look that to me, at least, said very plainly: "I am not Annie; but some one can love me, Mr. Forbes." It was this look which, whether he understood it or not, made Mr. Forbes color like a girl.

Nothing is easier than to solicit confidence under pretense of giving advice; nothing more troublesome, to a conscientious person, than to give the proffered counsel when the confidence has been made. So, at least, I now felt, and I dreaded being alone with Jane again; but I found, to my great comfort, though not without some mortification, that Jane had spoken to get relief, not to be advised. At least, she never asked me to suggest what line of conduct she should pursue toward her husband, and I believe she even forgot that any thing of the kind had been mentioned between us. I pitied her from my heart, but I saw no remedy to her sorrows. I pitied Mr. Forbes too. You see, it is one thing to marry a woman with the intention of giving and receiving affectionate regard; and it is another thing to marry a girl who takes the liberty of falling in love with you, and who feels aggrieved if you do not, or rather can not, follow her example. What should I have done, for instance, if, marrying Jane for the sake of being comfortable with her, I had suddenly discovered that my saucy little cousin was enamored of poor me? It has occurred to me since then that Jane would not so have committed herself with me, but, at the time, I did not think of that. I rejoiced that I had not proposed to her, and I pitied her husband; for if Jane's misfortune was to have read the letter, his trouble was to read her heart rather too truly. Poor little simple Jane! It was like her to think that she could keep such a secret from a husband who had not love to blind him.

I watched him without seeming to do so, and I felt sure that Mr. Forbes's grief was to see his wife's love and not be able to return it; his grief was to have married, as he thought, a sensible, mercenary girl, and to find out that he was wedded to a fond and tender-hearted woman. I do not mean to say that he resented that love, or that it bored him; but he could not return it.

I was beginning to walk about with the help of a stick, when I saw Mr. Forbes go off in his chaise one morning with Arthur.

"Please to tell Jane that I am taking the child—" he said to me.

On hearing this Arthur, who had sat quietly till then, uttered a scream of dismay, and called on his "mamma." I saw Mr. Forbes bite his lip, but he drove away all the faster, and both father and child were out of sight in a few moments. Jane had heard the cry, and now came down rather scared. On hearing the explanation I gave her she turned very pale.

"Oh, why does he take him to Harting?" she cried, piteously; "my maid has just told me the small-pox is there. Oh, if one could only overtake him!"

That was out of the question, so I did my best to comfort Jane; but the tears stood in her eyes as she still kept sighing:

"Oh! why did he take him?"

Why, indeed? The child came home bright and well, and his father seemed quite triumphant at having kept him half a day away from his step-mother.

"And he was not at all unhappy, Jane," he said, with marked emphasis.

All day the child continued well and merry, but next morning he felt sick, and by the time his father came home at night he was ill; he had the small-pox. It was I who told Mr. Forbes. He turned dreadfully pale; he had learned in the course of the day that the epidemic was at Harting. It was there, and he had taken his child to it; he had taken him to illness, perhaps to death, just to brave and tease his poor young wife! I knew all this passed in his mind, for the first words he uttered were:

"God forgive me!"

His next remark was the question:

"Has Jane ever had it?"

"Never," I replied, gravely.

"Then she must not stay with him," he said, quickly; "she must not."

He went up; I followed him to the nursery. Jane was there bending over the little cot, with Arthur's hand in hers. Mr. Forbes went up to her; he was much agitated. He could scarcely speak.

"Jane," he said, without looking at the child, "you must not stay. I know you have never had this complaint—you must not stay."

"Would you say that if I were his mother?" she asked.

"You have no right to risk your life," he urged. "I have had it, so has your cousin." (I am dreadfully pock-marked, reader.) "We risk nothing; you risk much."

"What?" asked Jane, and my pale, sad-faced little cousin became for a while a glowing and almost a beautiful woman; "what do I risk? Life! It is not so dear, Mr. Forbes. Disfigurement! What change for the worse would that make in my lot?"

Mr. Forbes said not a word.

"I have had that child's love," continued Jane, looking back toward the cot, "and nothing, nothing shall make me leave him!"

No more was said. Arthur moaned as he lay, and Jane sat on one side of him, and her husband on the other.

Three days they sat thus. Three days the little sufferer lingered. On the fourth, an angel called him and released him from his pain. I was present when he died. That poor, peevish little fellow had become so patient and so meek in his illness, that I, too, had begun to love him, My heart smote me when I saw his eyelids flutter strangely, and his pale lips quiver, and his little face—it was neither blotched nor altered—take the strange calmness of death. Jane wept silently. Mr. Forbes was tearless, and sat looking on like one turned to stone. At first he seemed incredulous, but at length he understood that it was all over. I do not think he saw me; if he did, he forgot me. He turned to his wife.

"Jane," he said.

She looked, and did not move.

"Jane, come to me."

She rose, and went and sat on the couch by his side. With a sudden moan, in which love, remorse, and pain seemed to mingle, he drew her toward him. He laid his head on that kind bosom where his child's head had so often rested. It had been the refuge of all little Arthur's troubles, and it now received the strong man's passion of grief. Jane flung her arms around her husband's neck and mingled her tears with his, and while they wept together the young and innocent dead slept on and smiled divinely, with closed eyes, at that fair world, without sorrow, passion, or pain, which it had just entered.

I softly stole away, feeling that out of the saddest grief good may come. Long after this Jane said to me:

"Cousin William, my husband gave me his heart in that hour, and he has never taken it back again."

"And never will, little Jane; for if there be a fondly-loved wife you are that woman."

Jane had the small-pox; but her husband nursed her through it, and she recovered quickly, and was not at all disfigured. Happy Jane! I saw her the other day when I called at the Elms on my way to London. What a bright old house it looked, now that Jane was loved and happy! How proud Mr. Forbes seemed of his wife and of their only child—a beautiful boy very like him—need I say his name is Arthur? Well! Do you know, fond though she evidently was of him, I doubted if Jane loved this Arthur quite so much as she had loved the other one? I told her so.

"The first Arthur," she replied, "was the child of my sorrow; the second Arthur is the child of my happiness. Both could not be dear after the same fashion. Besides, the other Arthur loved me best, and this one prefers his father."

"And Annie?" I suggested; "what about her?"

"I neither know nor care," replied Jane, with superb indifference. "The dead Arthur makes me feel secure in the past, and with the living Arthur I can defy a dozen Annies."

Dear little Jane! She was just the same little goose as ever. It was like her to think that her hold on her husband depended on a dead or on a living child. Mr. Forbes knew better. In the fullness of his happiness he told me the whole story about "Annie" as he drove me to the station. Of course he did not tell me who "Annie" was; but he had seen her again at a party, and he could not help saying:

"Cousin William, you can not imagine what I felt when I compared these two women—my dear pretty Jane" (pretty Jane! oh, love, love!), "and that cold, shallow, frivolous woman! My darling felt me shudder as we left, and she thought I was cold. Cold! I was thinking—I might actually have married that woman!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Every body should live on the sunny side of their houses as much as possible, and allow the sun's genial rays to penetrate the rooms. Darkened parlors are fashionable evils. True, it is gloomy enough to be ushered into a tomb-like apartment, where one can scarcely grope his way to a seat; and to discover, when his eyes became accustomed to the dim light, that every chair and sofa has on its liner "duster," apparently equipped for traveling to some unknown land. But ladies *must* have their carpets kept bright and fresh, even if their cheeks are the paler for it! And so the shutters are tightly closed, and the heavy curtains drawn. But for the sake of health and beauty, ladies, let this be done only in the "best parlor," if it must be done at all. Let the rooms where the family live be cheerful and sunny. No lady would expect her house plants to send out full, brilliant blossoms, unless she placed them at a window where the sunshine would invigorate them. No more should she expect her children to show fresh, rosy complexions, or to develop genial dispositions, unless they live in light, sunny, airy rooms.

Whoever has the National Debt in charge reports that it was reduced in September last twenty-two million dollars. Well done!

It is reported that the renowned race-horse "*Kentucky*" has been sold by Messrs. Osgood & Travers to Mr. L. W. Jerome for the sum of $40,000. This famous animal has won an imperishable name from his matchless speed and endurance. It is said that he was never defeated on the turf but once, and then he was in an utterly unfit condition to use his strength.

A short time since a woman, aged about 70 years, died in the Alms-house in Portland, Maine. She had been an inmate of the House for the last thirty-five years, and had not spoken an intelligent word in all that time. Having been disappointed in love in early life, she made a vow never to speak another word, and she religiously kept her vow till her tongue was paralyzed in death.

A French journal, in speaking of the Atlantic Telegraph and the difference in longitude between the two Continents, remarks that it is seven o'clock in the evening at New York when it is midnight at Paris. It then goes on to suppose that some great edifice in Paris, the Opera for example, takes fire at a quarter past twelve some night, and the event is immediately telegraphed to New York, dated: "Paris, a quarter past twelve at night. The news arrives in New York, say in two hours, to make ample allowance for interruptions, which would be at a quarter past nine the evening previous, so that a New York manager could appear on the stage, and, after the three customary bows, could thus express himself: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am sorry to have to inform you that the Opera at Paris has been destroyed by fire three hours after the present time. Our director has just transmitted to his Paris confrère his condolence on the disaster which is going to happen to him."

Very curious statements sometimes appear in print. A Pittsfield journal says: "A man fell dead in this town last week, and before assistance could reach him his life was nearly extinct."

A foreign newspaper, in giving an account of Toulouse, remarks: "It is a large town, containing upward of sixty thousand inhabitants *built entirely of brick*."

A Pennsylvania paper reads as follows: "The asses are holding meetings in the north part of the State, and are being addressed by Governor H—— and General C——." It is to be supposed that an *m* mischievously slipped out of its proper place in the above statement.

A Western paper recently contained this strange announcement: "The grasshoppers have destroyed every green thing in Deer Lodge Valley, except the grass and widows." The reader is left to determine whether "*ll*" substituted for "*d*" in the last word, or a *hyphen* in the place of "*and*," would make the best sense.

A country newspaper states that on one end of a meeting-house in that vicinity the following notice recently appeared: "Any body sticking bills against this church will be prosecuted according to law or any other nuisance."

An ingenious French arithmetician has calculated that the space which a young Parisian belle, who is fond of the salutary exercise of dancing, traverses in the gay *salons* of Paris amounts, in the course of one dancing season, to four hundred and thirty-four miles and a half. He has also estimated that a French lady, fond of performing the functions of a teetotum, would spin round in a waltz in one night as many times as the wheels of a steamboat revolve while running the distance between Dover and Calais.

Another novelty announced for the Great Exhibition is a new model of a guillotine, invented, it is said, by a compatriot of Count Bismarck. It works by steam, and is capable of cutting off six heads per minute—or eight, if great haste is required! It can be taken to pieces and put together again in ten minutes; the engine works the wheels, and the machine can steam to the place of execution, and take the body up to the cemetery afterward. Really, if such a charming invention is to become popular in Prussia, those not obliged to live there will be rather shy of venturing over the boundary-line, if that same line can be ascertained.

Poor old Mrs. Partington can't comprehend the "new-fangled" notions of the present time. She says:

"There is one thing sure; the females of the present regeneration are a heap more independiter than they used to be. Why, I saw a gal go by to-day that I know belonged to the historical class of society, with her dress all tucked up to her knees, her hair all buzzled up like as if she hadn't time to comb it for a week, and one of her grandmother's old caps in an awful crumpled condition on her head. Why, laws, honey, when I was a gal, if any of the fellers come along when I had my clothes tucked up that way, and my head kivered with an old rag, why I would run for dear life and hide out of sight. Well, well, the gals then were innocent, unconfiscated critters: now they are what the French call 'blazea.'"

We do not know who is the author of the following little poem, but we believe it will be read with many tender memories by those whose homes have been made desolate by death; and may also reveal to the busy mother, who sometimes feels that the little ones make a great deal of work. what home would be without them:

No baby in the house, I know—
'Tis far too nice and clean;
No tops by careless fingers thrown
Upon the floor are seen;
No finger marks are on the panes,
No scratches [illegible] the chairs;
No wooden men set up in rows,
Or marshaled off in pairs;
No little stockings to be darned,
All ragged at the toes;
No pile of mending to be done,
Made up of baby-clothes;
No little troubles to be soothed,
No little hands to fold;
No grimy fingers to be washed,
No stories to be told;
No tender kisses to be given,
No nicknames, "Love" and "Mouse;"
No merry frolics after tea—
No baby in the house.

A curious story—with a moral—is told of a fair lady who was lately dining with a friend in Paris. The dinner had passed off pleasantly, when, on rising from the table, the aforesaid lady thought proper to faint. She was immediately carried to the bed of the lady of the house, where she remained immovable. Her lacing was cut—salts applied to her nose—every thing was useless; she still remained immovable on the elegant bed ornamented with silk and lace. The attendants grew impatient; even the mistress of the house grew weary of being employed for so long a time about the same person. Her ennui made her a little malicious, and, to spread a snare for the fair fainter, she simply said:

"Do you know what makes her ill? Her hair is too tight: it must be untied."

These words acted like magic. Forgetting every thing, by an involuntary movement the fair invalid put both her hands up to her head, to defend her false braids from an aggression which might reveal too much; and, feigning to come to herself, "Where am I?" said she, in a feeble voice.

"At my house," replied her friend; "but your carriage is here, and in five minutes you will be in your own."

Moral of the story: Pretended fainting requires real hair.

Readers of Charles Dickens's works will remember the account he has given of the way in which he came to adopt the *nom de plume* "Boz," under which his earlier writings appeared. He says: "Boz was the nickname of a pet child, a younger brother, whom I had dubbed 'Moses,' in honor of the Vicar of Wakefield, which being facetiously pronounced through the nose, became Boses, and being shortened became Boz. 'Boz' was a very familiar houseword to me long before I was an author, so I came to adopt it." It is now announced that this younger brother, Augustus N. Dickens, recently died at Chicago, where he has resided for several years past. He came to this country many years ago, and settled at the West. He was for some time, but not very successfully, occupied in farming and in mercantile business. In 1860 he was appointed to a position in the Land Department of the Illinois Central Railroad, which he retained until his death. He was a man of remarkably cheerful and kind-hearted disposition, strikingly resembled in personal appearance his famous brother Charles, and shared to some extent his genial humor.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Peg for a Joke.—When does a Greenwich pensioner make a jest of his misfortunes?—When he takes off his wooden leg.

Wreather Flattering!—In the new coinage now being struck at Berlin the King's head is surrounded by a laurel wreath—a decoration not to be found on Prussian coins since the days of Frederick the Great. This is a new sort of garnishing for the sort of head his Majesty possesses. All that is required now is a lemon in his mouth!

The following story is told of an Irish newspaper editor, who was pressed for copy:

The foreman called down to him from the printing-office, "We want six lines to fill a column."

"Kill a child at Waterford," was the reply.

Soon after came a second message: "We have killed the child and still want two lines."

"Contradict it."

A timid gentleman some days ago met one of our bluff, burly doctors, who is more noted for the force than the polish of his language, when the following colloquy ensued:

"Doctor, what shall I take for the cholera?"

"The cholera! Have you got the cholera?"

"No."

"Well, take the cholera first."

The gentleman, not having taken the first prescription, has not inquired for a second.

Why is an editor's life like the Book of Revelation?—Because it is full of "types and shadows," and a mighty voice like the sound of many waters is ever saying to him, "*Write.*"

What is that which people wish to have, and then wish to get rid of?—A good appetite!

Way! Woa!—A lady of our acquaintance, who is a bit of a blue, always calls the little memorandum that her butcher sends in with the meat, recording how many pounds it is, "Pencilings by the Weigh."

"Sambo, am you posted in de natural sciences?" "Sartingly—ob course I is." "Den you can tell me de cause of de great rot in potatoes for de las' many years gone by?" "Oh, dat's easy 'nough for de merest chile in scientific larnin'. De great rot in potatoes is all owin' to de rot tater-y motion ob de earth."

ROMAN NURSERY RHYME.

Holy poly Popey,
Was he going to slope, eh?
Come, stay at home,
Still Bishop of Rome,
Holy poly Popey.

A boy once complained of his brother for taking half of the bed. "And why not?" said his mother; "he is entitled to half, is he not?" "Yes, ma," said the boy; "but how should you like to have him take all the soft for his half? He will have his half out of the middle, and I have to sleep on both sides of him."

Toilers of the Sea.—Underpaid Curates.

"Why does father call mother honey?" asked a boy of his older brother. "Can't tell 'cept it's because she has got a large comb in her head."

In a very old copy of a work, still extant, on Necromancy is the following quaint passage: "*Question.* How to raise the deviel?—*Answer.* Contradicts yer wiffe."

BABY TALK.

Where's ze baby, bessit's 'art,
Muzzer's little darley boy,
Tum and time into its tart,
Suck its little sugar toy.

Now we'll take it ridy widy,
Dearest, precious, birdy, honey,
Ma won't let it slidy idy,
Cause 'twould hurt her little sonny.

Oh, you pitty sugar plummy,
Does it want its story talky,
So it sall; you ducky tummy,
Let its muzzy see it walky.

My, what ails its sweetest moufy,
Mamma faid it's going to ky,
Oney see its ippeys pouty,
Hushey darley rocky bye.

Does the cabbage mammy eaty
Make its little tummy ache?
Is its little eyes so seepy,
Hickup keep it wide awake.

Does it want to see its daddy?
So it sall in ittle while,
See it trow its tinny paddy,
What does ale ze bessed chile!

Ugh! you naughty pin, go way!
Hushy, deary, go to seep,
Mammy by her baby stay,
Uggy fies from baby keep.

"Sir, I'd have you to know that I keep one of the best tables in the city, Sir!" exclaimed an indignant landlady to a boarder who had been finding fault with his fare. "That may be true, ma'am," quietly retorted the boarder, "but you put very little upon it."

There is a man in Connecticut who has such a hatred to every thing appertaining to a monarchy that he won't wear a crown on his hat.

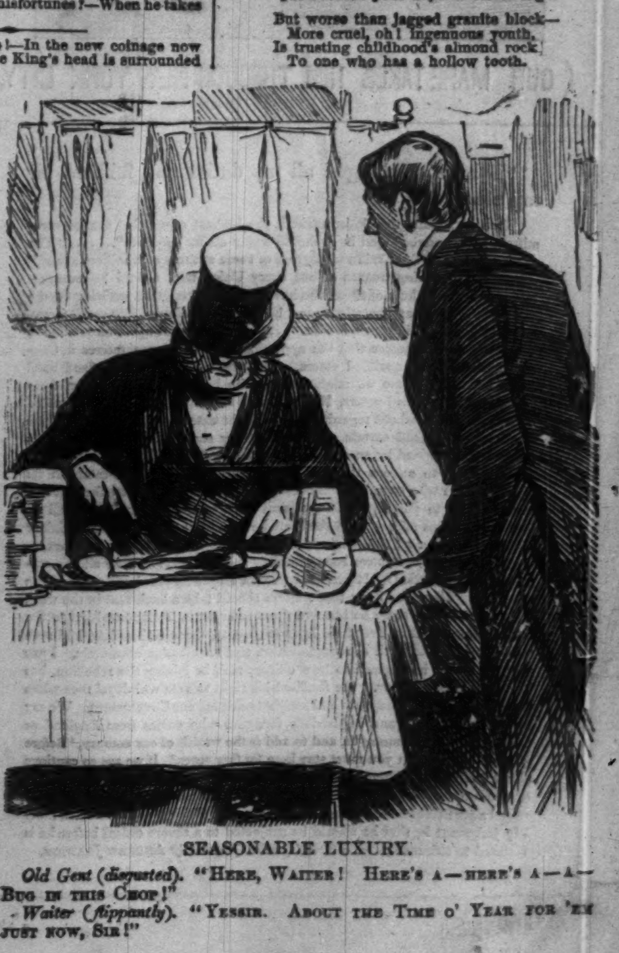
"My wife," said a wag the other day, "came near calling me honey last night!" "Indeed! how was that?" "Why, she called me old beeswax."

Art Query.—"An Italian Image" writes to inquire whether a cast from a marble may be described as a stone's throw.

ROCKS AHEAD!

Oh! fatal is the hidden rock
That lies beneath the angry surge,
Whereon with a disastrous shock
The waves your hapless vessel urge.

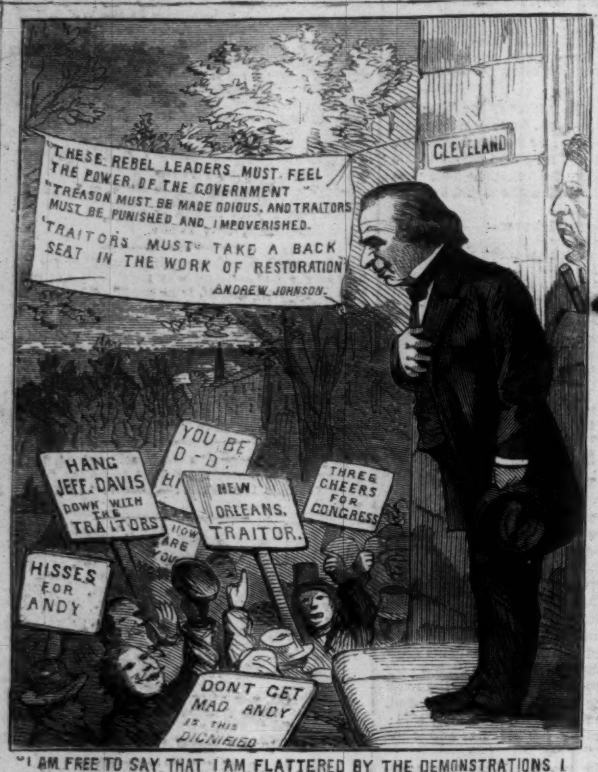
But worse than jagged granite block—
More cruel, oh! ingenuous youth,
Is trusting childhood's almond rock
To one who has a hollow tooth.



SEASONABLE LUXURY.

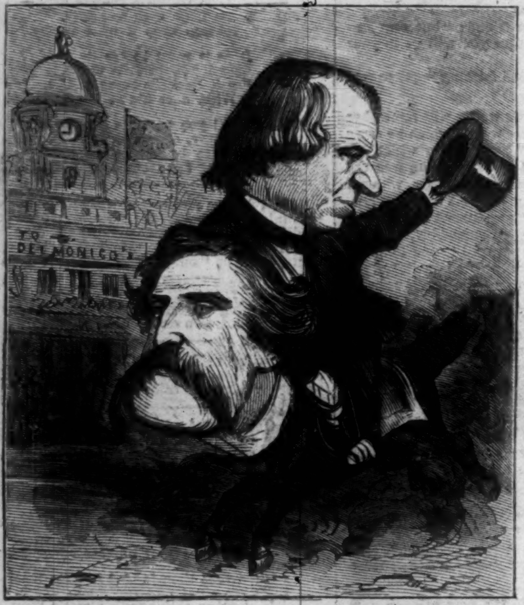
Old Gent (*disgusted*). "Here, Waiter! Here's a—here's a—a—Bug in this Chop!"

Waiter (*flippantly*). "Yessir. About the Time o' Year for 'em just now, Sir!"


"THESE REBEL LEADERS MUST FEEL THE POWER OF THE GOVERNMENT"
"TREASON MUST BE MADE ODIOUS, AND TRAITORS MUST BE PUNISHED AND IMPOVERISHED.
"TRAITORS MUST TAKE A BACK SEAT IN THE WORK OF RESTORATION"
ANDREW JOHNSON.
CLEVELAND
HANG JEFF. DAVIS DOWN WITH THE TRAITORS
YOU BE D—D.
NEW ORLEANS. TRAITOR.
THREE CHEERS FOR CONGRESS
HOW ARE YOU
HISSES FOR ANDY
DONT GET MAD ANDY IS THIS DIGNIFIED

"I AM FREE TO SAY THAT I AM FLATTERED BY THE DEMONSTRATIONS I HAVE WITNESSED, AND BEING FLATTERED DONT MEAN TO THINK IT PERSONAL"

(THIS SAME MAYOR IS RUNNING FOR GOVERNOR.)

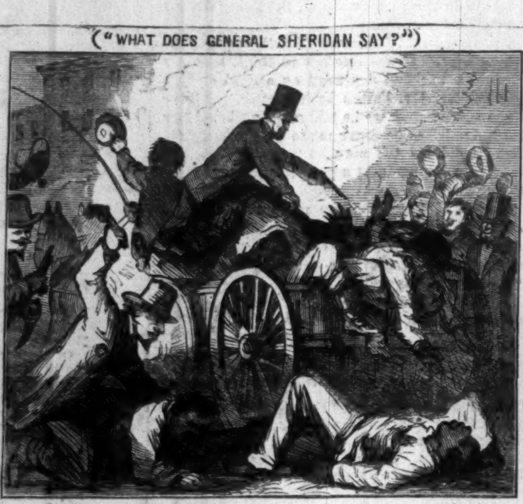

TO DELMONICO'S

(OUR MARE TAKES HIM THROUGH NEW YORK CITY.)

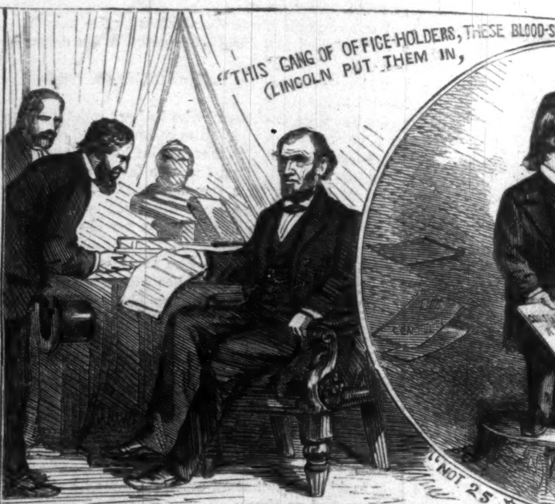
"I have discharged all my duties and fulfilled all my pledges."

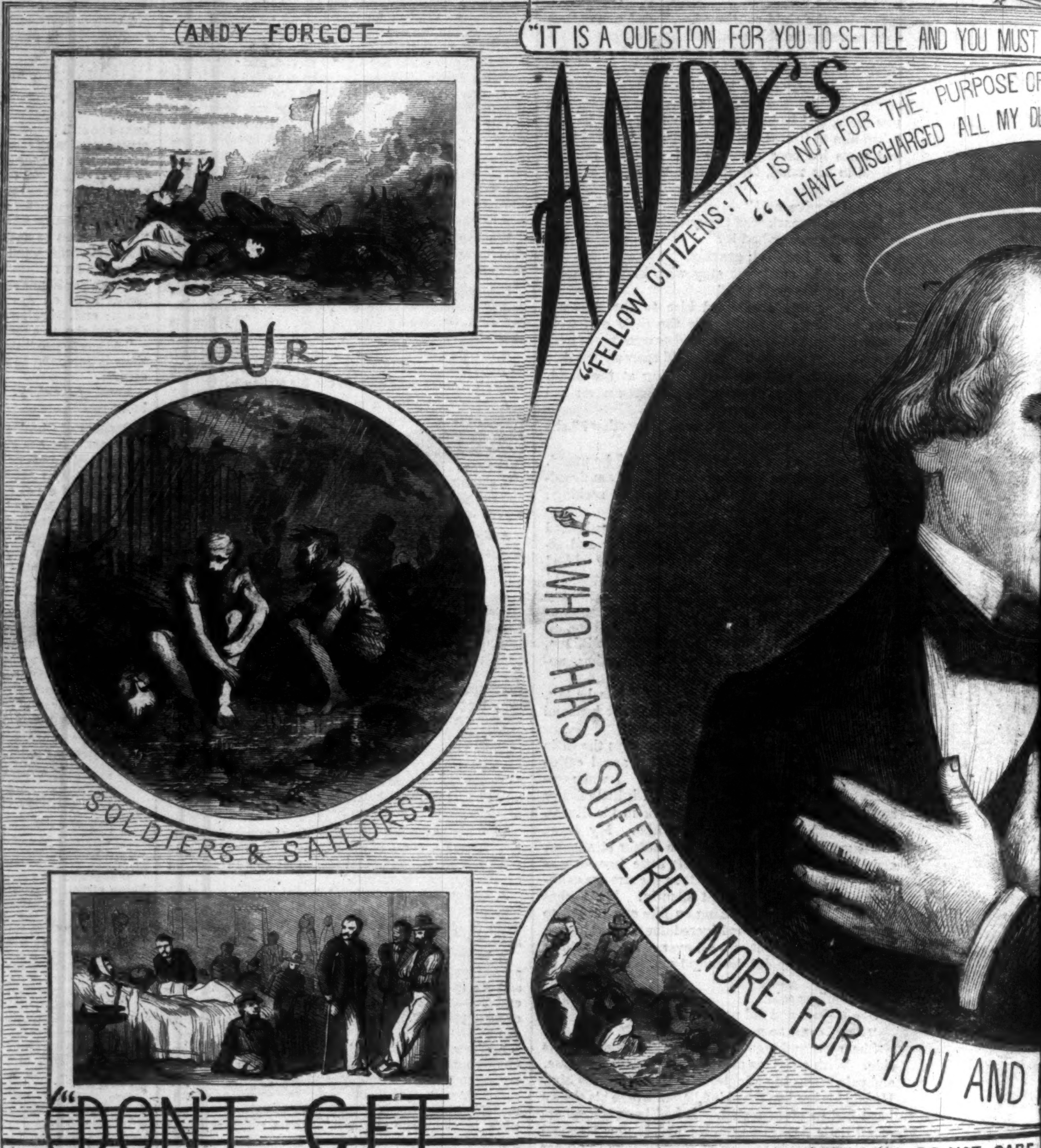
"Treason against the Government is the highest crime that can be committed, and those engaged in it should suffer all its penalties"......"The day for protecting the lands and negroes of these authors of rebellion is past."......"After making treason odious every Union man should be remunerated out of the pockets of those who have inflicted this great suffering on the country. Their great plantations must be seized and divided into small farms, and sold to honest, industrious men."......"Many years ago I moved in the Legislature of Tennessee that the apportionment of representatives in Congress should be by qualified voters. The apportionment is now fixed until 1872; before that time we might change the basis of representation from population to qualified voters, North as well as South, and in due course of time the States, without regard to color, might extend the elective franchise to all who possessed certain mental, moral, or such other qualifications as might be determined by an enlightened public judgment."......"In calling a Convention to restore the State, who shall restore and re-establish it? Shall the man who gave his influence and his means to destroy the Government? Is he to participate in the great work of reorganization? Shall he who brought this misery upon the State be permitted to control its destinies? If this be so, then all this precious blood of our brave soldiers and officers, so freely poured out, will have been wantonly spilled."......"Why all this carnage and devastation? It was that treason might be put down and traitors punished. Therefore I say that traitors should take a back seat in the work of restoration. If there be but five thousand men in Tennessee loyal to the Constitution, loyal to Freedom, loyal to Justice, those true and faithful men should control the work of reorganization and reformation absolutely. I say that the traitor has ceased to be a citizen, and, in joining the rebellion, has become a public enemy. He forfeited his right to vote with loyal men when he renounced his citizenship and sought to destroy our Government. We say to the most honest and industrious foreigner who comes from England or Germany to dwell among us, and to add to the wealth of our country, 'Before you can be a citizen you must stay here for five years.' If we are so cautious about foreigners, who voluntarily renounce their homes to live with us, what should we say to the traitor who, although born and reared among us, has raised a parricidal hand against the Government which always protected him? My judgment is, that he should be subjected to a severe ordeal before he is restored to citizenship."—*Extracts from Speeches by* ANDREW JOHNSON.

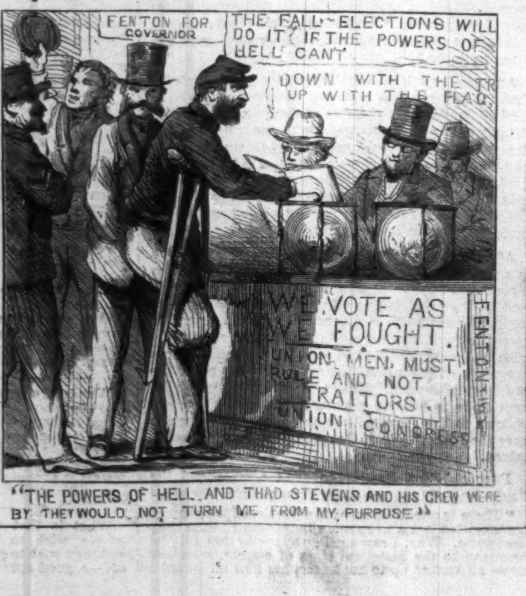
("WHAT DOES GENERAL SHERIDAN SAY?")



("NEW-ORLEANS.")"TRACE IT BACK TO THE RADICAL CONGRESS."

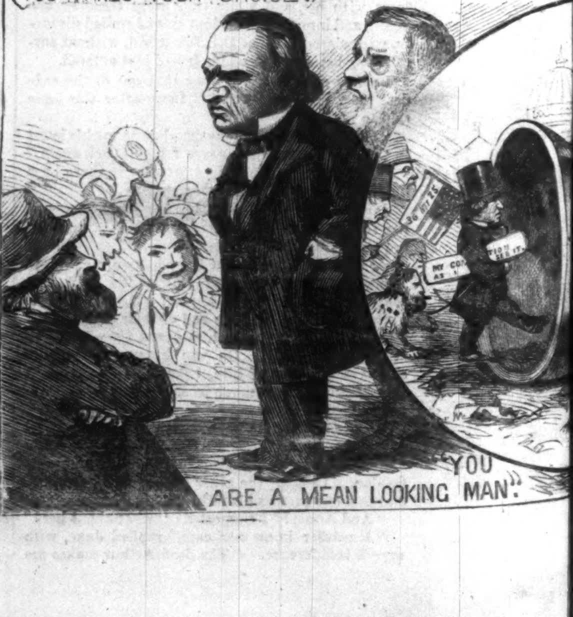

"THIS GANG OF OFFICE-HOLDERS, THESE BLOOD-S
(LINCOLN PUT THEM IN,
"NOT 25

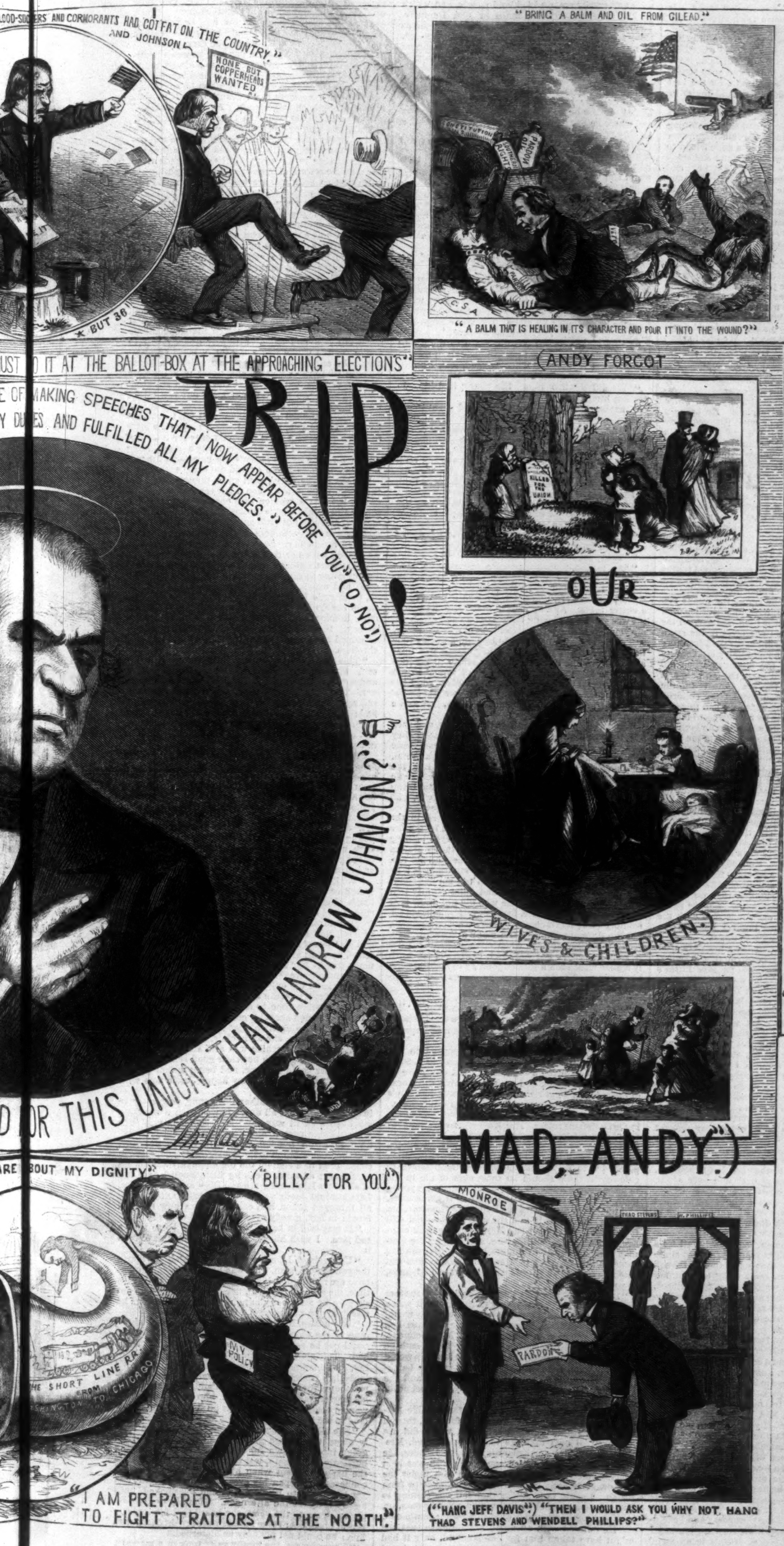

"IT IS A QUESTION FOR YOU TO SETTLE AND YOU MUST
ANDY'S
"FELLOW CITIZENS: IT IS NOT FOR THE PURPOSE OF
"I HAVE DISCHARGED ALL MY D
"WHO HAS SUFFERED MORE FOR YOU AND
(ANDY FORGOT
OUR
SOLDIERS & SAILORS.)
("DON'T GET

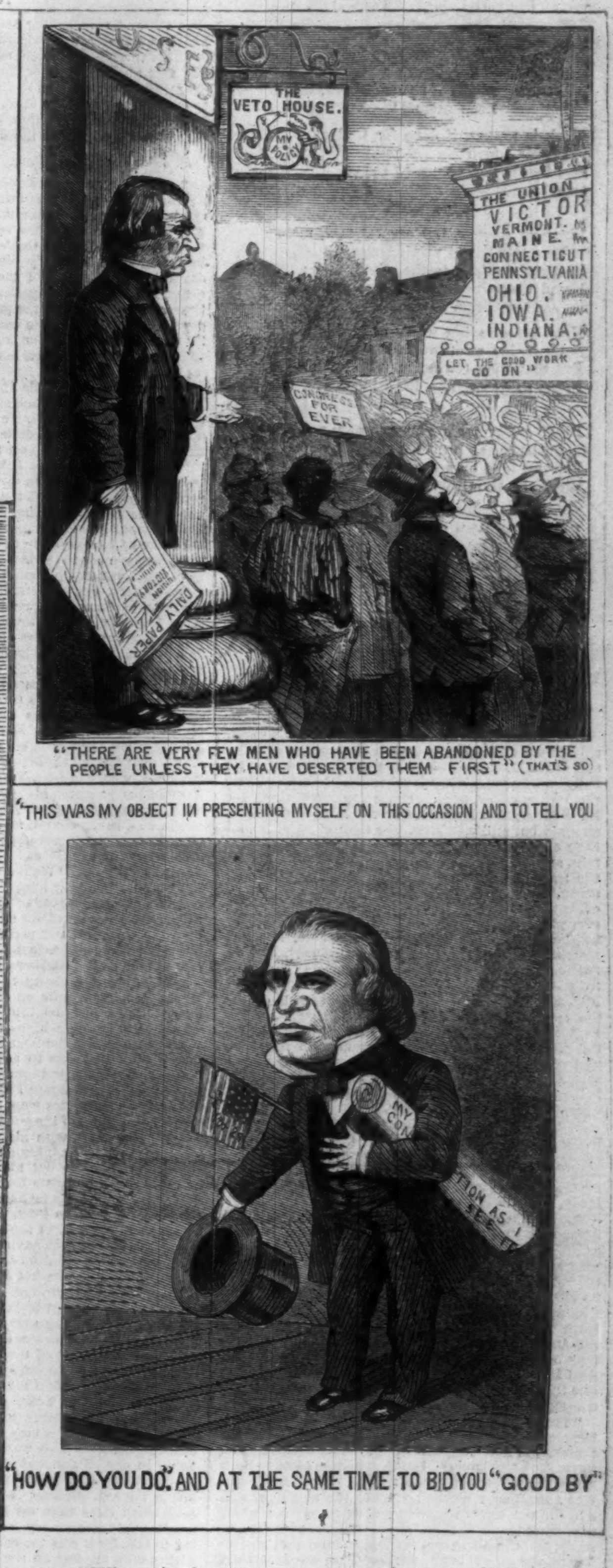

FENTON FOR GOVERNOR
THE FALL ELECTIONS WILL DO IT IF THE POWERS OF HELL CAN'T
DOWN WITH THE TR
UP WITH THE FLAG.
WE VOTE AS WE FOUGHT.
UNION MEN MUST RULE AND NOT TRAITORS.
UNION CONGRESS
FENTON

"THE POWERS OF HELL AND THAD STEVENS AND HIS CREW WERE BY THEY WOULD NOT TURN ME FROM MY PURPOSE"

(YOU TAKES YOUR CHOICE.)


"I DO NOT CARE
"YOU ARE A MEAN LOOKING MAN".


LOOD-SUCKERS AND CORMORANTS HAD GOT FAT ON THE COUNTRY."
AND JOHNSON
NONE BUT COPPERHEADS WANTED
* BUT 36
UST O IT AT THE BALLOT-BOX AT THE APPROACHING ELECTIONS"
"BRING A BALM AND OIL FROM GILEAD."
CONSTITUTION
SOUTHERN RIGHTS
PARDON OIL
VETO
PARDON
C.S.A
"A BALM THAT IS HEALING IN ITS CHARACTER AND POUR IT INTO THE WOUND?"
TRIP,
E OF MAKING SPEECHES THAT I NOW APPEAR BEFORE YOU" (O, NO!)
Y DUTIES AND FULFILLED ALL MY PLEDGES."
D FOR THIS UNION THAN ANDREW JOHNSON?"
(ANDY FORGOT
KILLED FOR THE UNION
OUR
WIVES & CHILDREN.)
MAD, ANDY.")
Th. Nast
ARE BOUT MY DIGNITY"
("BULLY FOR YOU.")
THE SHORT LINE R.R. FROM WASHINGTON TO CHICAGO
MY POLICY
"I AM PREPARED TO FIGHT TRAITORS AT THE 'NORTH.'"
MONROE
THAD STEVENS
W. PHILLIPS
PARDON
("HANG JEFF DAVIS.") "THEN I WOULD ASK YOU WHY NOT HANG THAD STEVENS AND WENDELL PHILLIPS?"


THE VETO HOUSE.
MY POLICY
THE UNION VICTOR
VERMONT.
MAINE.
CONNECTICUT
PENNSYLVANIA
OHIO.
IOWA.
INDIANA.
LET THE GOOD WORK GO ON"
CONGRESS FOR EVER
DAILY PAPER
UNION VICTORY
"THERE ARE VERY FEW MEN WHO HAVE BEEN ABANDONED BY THE PEOPLE UNLESS THEY HAVE DESERTED THEM FIRST" (THAT'S SO)
"THIS WAS MY OBJECT IN PRESENTING MYSELF ON THIS OCCASION AND TO TELL YOU
MY CONSTITUTION AS I SEE IT
"HOW DO YOU DO." AND AT THE SAME TIME TO BID YOU "GOOD BY"

"Where is the man or woman who can place his finger upon one single act of mine deviating from any pledge of mine!"

"I hold it a solemn obligation in every one of these States where the rebel armies have been beaten back or expelled, I care not how small the number of Union men, if enough to man the ship of State, I hold it to be a high duty to protect and secure to them a Republican form of government until they again gain strength. They must not be smothered by inches."......"These rebel leaders must feel the power of the Government; treason must be made odious, and traitors must be punished and impoverished."......"You have been deeply pained by some things that come under your observation. We get men in command who, under the influence of flattery, fawning, and caressing, grant protection to rich traitors, while the poor Union man stands out in the cold. Traitors can get lucrative contracts, while the loyal man is pushed aside."......"The power of those persons who made the attempt [at rebellion] has been crushed, and now we want to reconstruct the State Governments, and have the power to do it. The State institutions are prostrated, laid out on the ground, and they must be taken up and adapted to the progress of events: this can not be done in a moment. We are making very rapid progress—so rapid that I sometimes can not realize it. It appears like a dream. We must not be in too much of a hurry. It is better to let them reconstruct themselves than force them to it; for, if they go wrong, the power is in our hands, and we can check them in any stage to the end, and oblige them to correct their errors."......"If I were in Tennessee I should try to introduce Negro Suffrage gradually: first, those who had served in the army; those who could read and write; and perhaps a property qualification for others—say $200 or $250."......"A fellow who takes the oath merely to save his property, and denies the validity of the oath, is a perjured man, and not to be trusted. Before these repenting rebels can be trusted let them bring forth the fruits of repentance. He who helped to make all these widows and orphans, who draped the streets of Nashville in mourning, should suffer for his great crime."......"If a man who gave his means to destroy the Government should be permitted to participate in the great work of reorganization, then all the precious blood so freely poured out will have been wantonly spilled, and all our victories go for naught."—*Extracts from Speeches by* ANDREW JOHNSON.

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

Not forever on thy knees, man,
Would Jehovah have thee found;
There are griefs Jehovah sees, man;
There are burdens thou canst ease, man;
Look around!

Work is prayer, if done for God, man;
Prayer which God, delighted, hears.
See, beside yon upturned sod, man,
One bowed 'neath affliction's rod, man;
Dry her tears.

Not long prayers, but earnest zeal, man,
This is what is wanted more;
Put thy shoulder to the wheel, man;
Bread unto the famished deal, man,
From thy store.

Not high-sounding words of praise, man,
Does God want 'neath some grand dome;
But that thou the fallen raise, man;
Bring the poor from life's highways, man;
By kind deeds.

Deeds are powerful; mere words weak, man,
Battering at heaven's closed door;
Let thy love by actions speak, man;
Wipe the tear from Sorrow's cheek, man;
Clothe the poor.

Be it thine life's cares to smother,
And to brighten eyes now dim;
Kind deeds done to one another,
God accepts as done, my brother,
Unto Him.

HIS YOUNG LORDSHIP.

A Story for Great and Little People.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENT."

IT was a pat of butter—only a pat of butter—a small, silly thing, and yet it made me feel, as the children say, "like to greet." For I knew the spot it came from—a lovely nook in a lovely land. I could picture the narrow valley, so rich and green, over which the huge gray granite mountains watched, frowning or smiling, but still watching, like faithful parents over their children, reflecting the sunshine, gathering the rain, and sending both down alternately upon the fertile tract below. I could summon up its "pastures green," not like English meadows, hedged and ditched, but divided angularly by stone dykes, among which grew innumerable ferns and accidental clumps of heather and whin, while here and there, in damp places, were queer bog plants: butter-wort, with its flat leaves and tall-stemmed blue flowers; the white tufts of the cotton-plant; the aromatic bog-myrtle. Nay, as I looked at my pat of butter I could almost see the cows that originated it—small, shaggy, active Highland beasts, or the dainty little Ayrshire breed, the prettiest of cattle, moving about their restricted plot of pasturage under the shadow of these same mountains which—whom, I was nearly writing, they felt so like living friends—any one who knows loves; and, once loving, loves forever.

"Yes," said my hostess, whom I had better call by the good Scotch name of Mrs. Burns, "it is real Scotch butter; we don't get any thing here like it. It was sent to me from ——," naming the place, to which I mean to give an imaginary name, and call it the Laighlands.

For upon it, and the butter, hangs a story which she immediately began to tell me: a story true and simple as that of Jeanie Deans—of which, while she related it, we were both strongly reminded. I asked her leave to tell it here, just plainly as it was, with no elaborations or exaggerations—for indeed it required none: only disguising the names and the places, so that while the truth remained—the internal truth, which is the real life and usefulness of fiction—the bare outside facts may be quite unrecognizable by the general public. And I wish I could give to the written tale any thing like the simple graphic power with which it was unconsciously told.

"Yes," said Mrs. Burns, looking me through with her clear, kind eyes, "I must tell you all about that butter, and how we got it from such a distance. You know the Laighlands? Isn't it a bonnie place? Such a sweet, quiet, out-of-the-way farm. We lived there a whole summer. We had come to the neighborhood, and did not know where to get lodgings; the whole country-side was full; and they took us in at the Laighlands, eight in all—papa, and me, and our six; and we lived there for ten happy weeks. That was nine years ago."

It was not nearly so long since I had seen the farm myself; and though I was only there, at that particular farm-house, for one day, I could still remember it; the garden, wonderfully neat and well-stocked for that part of Scotland, where the lazy Highland nature has not yet arrived at the difficult science of horticulture; and among the common people life implies mere living, without any attempt to adorn life with even the beauty of a cottage flower-border, or the small luxury of a dozen gooseberry bushes, and a row of beans or peas. Therefore I could especially recall this farm-house, for it had a capital garden, and an upland orchard behind; and its orderliness was equal to its picturesqueness, which is a great deal to say for dwellings of its size and character in the Highlands of Scotland.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Burns (I will go straight on with her part in the conversation and omit my own, which indeed consisted merely of a few questions), "we lived there ten weeks, and during that time we got to have quite an affection for our landlord and his wife. They were such simple people, and so honest—so painfully honest. Of course in country lodgings, where the people can only make hay while the sun shines, and that is for about two months in the twelve, one almost expects to be cheated, or at least made the most of in some way; but these good folk only cheated themselves. For instance, we had the run of the garden, and you can imagine what a raid my six children would make upon the gooseberry bushes. Besides, we had an unlimited quantity of vegetables. But when, at the first week's end, I looked to see what was put down in the bill, there was nothing at all! 'Oh,' said the mistress, a tall, handsome Highland woman, much younger than her husband, and speaking English with a quaint, slow purity of accent that you often find among those who have to learn it like a foreign language—'Oh, I hope you'll use your freedom with the garden—we'd never ask ye to pay.' But when I remonstrated—for I don't like that Celtic fashion of being too proud to receive honest payment, and yet expecting always an equivalent in kind—Mrs. Kennedy (I will call her Kennedy) quickly assented, with a sort of dignified acquiescence that had a touch of condescension in it, begging I would put my own price on the things we took, for she really did not know what they were worth, which doubtless was the truth, for you are aware how little actual coin is current in that district, and how people there often live half a lifetime without ever having seen a town street, or the inside of a moderate-sized shop.

"This woman, Mrs. Kennedy, was a case in point. She was about forty, her husband being somewhat over sixty; yet neither of them had ever traveled twenty miles from their own farm, which had been rented by Kennedy, and his father before him, for the best part of a century, from the one great land-holder of these parts.

"'And his lordship kens us weel,' said the gudewife to me one day, when my children had been describing a grand-looking gentleman whom they met riding over the hill-side. 'He's a fine man, and a gude friend to us. Many's the day I hae seen him stand and crack wi' the auld gudeman—that's Kennedy's father, and he never meets Kennedy himsel' but he'll stop and shake hands and ask for the wife and bairns. He's a fine man—his lordship—and a gude landlord; he kens a' that's done on the property. Though I'll no say but that he might hae waur tenants than oursels; for my man and his father before him hae lived at the Laighlands, and paid their honest rent every term-day, for seventy-five years.'

"I remember this little incident," continued Mrs. Burns, "because I remember the woman's face as she spoke—full of that honorable pride which is as justifiable in a farmer as in a duke; and, also, because circumstances brought it to my mind afterward.

"Well, we staid at the Laighlands all summer. It was a glorious summer to my young folks—and a sorrowful day when we left the place. We had to start about four in the morning, in Kennedy's cart, which had been our sole link with the civilized world, and in which he had conveyed to us daily—for this absolutely refusing payment to the last—all provisions which the farm could not supply; and the few extraneous necessities—letters, newspapers, linen-drapery, etc., which we indulged in at this primitive place. He brought them from the nearest town, or what flattered itself was a town, several miles off. We had given him a deal of trouble, and now he had taken for us the final trouble of all, by bestowing endless pains on the arrangement of seats and mattresses, so as to make the rough jolting cart a little comfortable for me and the children. They cried as they said good-by to the pretty place where they had been so happy, and the good folk who had been so excessively kind to them. And I own I was half inclined to cry too, when Mrs. Kennedy, who had been rather invisible of late—she brought her gudeman his seventh child while we were at the Laighlands—appeared, weak and white-looking as she was, in the cold dawn of the morning, and gave me a basket neatly packed with all sorts of good things—eatables and drinkables. 'It's for the weans on their journey,' she said. 'We'll no forget the weans.'

"And it was a very long time before the weans forgot her or the Laighlands. Of winter nights they used to go over every bit of our blithe time there—from the first day we came and settled ourselves in the small but tidy parlor, in the clean bedrooms, full of furniture that looked as if it had been bought in the last century—as possibly it had—up to the final day when old Kennedy, he was quite an old man, though hale and hearty, drove his cart into the sea almost—for the waves were running high—and carried the children through them into the boat by which we had to reach the steamer that was to bear us far away—to horrid London, to streets, and squares, and work, and school. And over and over again I had to describe to the little ones, whose memories were fainter than they cared to confess, the figure of the good old man in his gray kilt, bonnet, and plaid, with his white hair flying in the wind, as he stood making his last signals from the shore, and shouting out his last Gaelic farewells, for he could speak but little English; the boys answering him in the few words he had taught them, which they remembered ever so long, till Gaelic was rubbed out by Latin and Greek. I too—with the warm heart that a mother can not help having toward any one who has been kind to her children—kept for a long time in my store-cupboard the basket Mrs. Kennedy had filled for the bairns on their voyage. And every New Year, for several years, we sent books and other gifts to the little Kennedys, hoping every summer that we should manage to go back to the Laighlands. But we never did; and in process of time our connection with the place slipped by—perhaps our interest likewise: in this busy London life it is so easy to forget.

"It was last New Year, or possibly a few days after then, that I was sitting just here—in this drawing-room"—(which was a very nice one, for Mrs. Burns's husband has honorably worked his way to a handsome house in one of the best streets in London)—"I was sewing by myself, and the young folks were down below in the school-room. It was one of those terribly cold bleak days that we had last winter, the wind howling in the chimney, and the snow falling or trying to fall, for it was too cold almost to snow. I was sitting with my feet on the fender, and with the feeling of intense thankfulness which I always have in such weather, that I have a good house over my head and all my dear ones about me, when a message came that some one below wanted to speak to me.

"'Who is it?' asked I; for such messages are endless in our house, and generally prove to be applications for charity. It was a poor woman, my servant said; a woman with a little girl, and she would not send up her name, but insisted upon speaking to me.

"I thought it was one of the ordinary genteel London beggars, and you know what London begging is, and how, after being taken in over and over again, one has to harden one's heart"—(a process which, judging from Mrs. Burns's face, in her case would not be sudden or easy). "Of course, I could not refuse to see the person; but I went down to her, looking, I dare say, as hard as a stone.

"She was a tall, thin woman, remarkably tall for a woman; and her long straight black dress, and clinging black shawl, no thicker than yours to-day, though it was midwinter, made her seem taller and thinner still. I looked in her face, which was sharp-featured, worn, and elderly, but I could not remember ever having seen it before. So I just asked her her business, very coldly I suppose, for she drew back at once toward the dining-room door.

"'Ye'll no mind me. I'm troubling ye; so I'll just be gone, ma'am. It's no matter.'

"It was a Scotch voice and a Scotch manner: the air of quiet independence that, I am glad to say, even the very poorest of us seldom quite lose. We Scotch don't beg like your London beggars. So, of course, I asked her to wait a minute, and tell me her name.

"'Do you no ken? Eh, Mrs. Burns? I must be sair changed—and nae wonder—if ye dinna ken me. I'm Mistress Kennedy of the Laighlands.'

"'Mrs. Kennedy of the Laighlands!' You will guess how in an instant the face of matters was entirely changed, and what sort of a welcome she got—she and her daughter, for the little girlie that hung by her gown, and peered from behind her with shy, dark Gaelic eyes, must be hers—possibly the baby that was born while we were there.

"Ay, so she was. 'She's the youngest; and I couldna leave her behind: though it's a very sad journey I come on to this awfu' London. Oh, it is an awfu' place, Mrs. Burns! And ye're keeping weel yoursel', and the gudeman and a' the bairns?' added she, with the instinctive tact and courtesy which one sees almost universally among Highland people, and which we had always noticed so much in Mrs. Kennedy. Though a farmer's wife, her manners were as good as many a lady born. But she looked so ill, so depressed, so actually weighed down with care, that I shrank from asking her the especial trouble which had brought her hither. By-and-by she poured it out.

"'No, the gudeman's no deid, Mrs. Burns, though sometimes he almost wishes he were. He has got notice to quit the Laighlands. Just think! the Laighlands! Where he was born, and his father likewise—and where he has paid his rent—never behind a day—for fifty year. Isn't it hard, ma'am?'

"It was hard. We folk who live in streets and houses all just like one another can scarcely recognize how hard. Besides, as Mrs. Kennedy went on to explain, and which I myself knew well, in that thinly-populated district an eviction meant actual turning out, with small prospect of finding another home. The farms were few and far between, mostly held by tenants who had held them for generations. A notice to quit meant not merely a flitting but a complete uprooting. No wonder the poor body spoke of it as we speak of some heavy calamity.

"'But your factor is a good man,' said I. 'Did you not appeal to him?'

"Mrs. Kennedy shook her head. 'I'm no saying aught against the factor, but he's my lord's servant, and they say my lord wants money, and they're wishing to feu the estate. But they might hae let my man keep the Laighlands a bit while. It'll no be lang—he's ower seventy year. It's breaking his heart.'

"I asked her why she did not write to the young lord, for the old lord, as he was now called, though scarcely past middle age when he died, had, I knew, been dead a year or more.

"'We did think o' that. His young lordship—do you ken him, Mrs. Burns?'

"That was not likely, but I had heard about him—a promising lad in his teens, left sole master of one of the finest properties in Scotland. He was too young for people to know much good about him—but nobody knew any harm: he was a college youth, frank and lively, given to all the amusements of his age and rank—not much of a student, but that could hardly be expected of the heir to indefinite thousands a year. Still, as I told Mrs. Kennedy, a young man scarcely twenty, in any rank of life, was apt to be thoughtless, and in his rank great people often do little people a deal of harm without in the least intending it.

"'That was just what the lawyer said—the lawyer I went to in Edinburgh, yesterday.'

"'Yesterday!' I exclaimed.

"'Ay, ma'am, though it seems a year sinsyne. The gudeman couldna stir, being laid aside with rheumatism, so I just thought I would go up to Edinburgh mysel', and see Mr. Campbell, a friend o' mine that's a writer there. And he said to me, "Mrs. Kennedy, if I was you I would gang up to London and speak wi' his young lordship face to face." That was yesterday, as I said; there wasna a day to lose—in a week's time the notice we got to leave the Laighlands was due; and we would be turned out. So I wrote to my husband frae Mr. Campbell's office, I put mysel' in the train—me and the bairn, for I could neither send her hame nor leave her in Edinburgh: and we traveled a' the night and reached London the morn, just as we were.'

"Just as they were!—in those thin clothes, and such a terrible cold night as it had been! No wonder they looked as they did, and that my servant had made such a mistake about them and their condition in life. Very much surprised the maid looked when I rang the bell and desired her to take the little girl and make her comfortable in my children's nursery; and bring up breakfast at once for 'my friend Mrs. Kennedy, who had come all the way from Scotland last night.'

"Mrs. Kennedy said nothing, nor resisted in the least; she was utterly exhausted. She sat by the fire with her hands on her lap, and her sad eyes looking straight before her, scarcely noticing the things around her, as if she had been familiar with them all her life. And when at last she got a little strengthened by warmth and food, and was able to tell me her story, she did so with a composure and quiet dignity that would have surprised any one who did not know how the Jeanie Deans's nature, fearless, self-reliant, yet absolutely without self-consciousness, is not exceptional, but lies dormant in many and many a Scotchwoman, ready to appear at once when circumstances require it, as in this case. For you and I, I suppose, can hardly realize what such a sudden journey to London must have appeared to Mrs. Kennedy—almost like a journey to the Antipodes.

"'Were you not afraid?' I asked her.

"'Maybe,' she answered, faintly smiling. 'But somebody maun do it, ye ken, and there was naebody but me.' In that simple sentence the woman expressed all.

"Poor body! only imagine her, dropped in the gloomy winter morning at the terminus in Euston Square, not knowing a soul, having but one place to go to in all London, and with her Scotch directness of purpose she went right to it—his young lordship's town-house, the magnificent mansion in —— Square.

"It was partially closed, as most great houses are in the Christmas recess. Mrs. Kennedy merely thought 'the London folk are awfu' late of rising,' and unwilling to disturb the family, sat down on the lowest stone step, with her little girl beside her. There she waited, pinched with cold—but she was well accustomed to cold—until there should be some sign of life in the house within. By-and-by came 'a braw sogerly young man, wi' a bag o' letters,' and rang as if he, at least, had no fear of disturbing his lordship's slumbers, but he poked his letters in at a slit in the door—and still it was not opened. At last Mrs. Kennedy took courage, and rang the bell likewise, and begged the footman who opened it to tell his lordship that she had come all the way from Scotland to speak to him, and could he see her for five minutes on private business, as soon as he rose?

"But the footman only laughed, and called another footman who laughed too, and they told her it was a capital story, but that if she didn't go away they would send the Mendicity officers after her. 'I didna ken what the young man meant,' added Mrs. Kennedy, 'but I tell't him (ceevilly enough, for I was sure he was only doing his duty) that his young lordship would mind me weel, I was Mistress Kennedy o' the Laighlands. But what do you think, Mrs. Burns?' and she looked at me with a grieved simplicity, 'he had never heard tell o' the Laighlands!'

"There must have been some uncomfortable passages between her and these grand footmen, though with her natural dignified reticence, which did not like even to own that she had been insulted, Mrs. Kennedy avoided particularizing them. Besides, the feudal reverence in which the young lord was held every where on the estate was such that under the shadow of it even his domestics were exempt from blame. I could only gather that she was turning to quit the house, when up there came a young man, or, as Mrs. Kennedy pointedly put it, a young gentleman.

"He entered with an air of authority, so that she might have taken him for her landlord, only it had been plainly said that the young nobleman was absent from home; 'and,' reasoned she, in her simplicity, 'his lordship must be far too great a gentleman to bid his servants tell a lee about himsel'.' But the new-comer was of some importance in the establishment. When he perceived the confusion in the hall he asked imperatively what it was all about; and so he learned Mrs. Kennedy's name, and where she came from.

"'He was a Scotsman—I'm gey sure he was a Scotsman,' she said; but at any rate he was a kindly-hearted young gentleman, and evidently held some good position in the establishment; for when he spoke and listened to her answers the servants ceased interfering, and hung back respectfully. At length he asked her to walk into his 'study,' a little room leading off the hall, and then told her who he was.

(Mrs. Burns gave me the gentleman's name and position in the young lord's household, but neither are of consequence to my story. If he ever reads it he may take the reward of one of those small kindlinesses which cost so little and are worth so much, and recognize himself.)

"He placed the weary woman in his own arm-chair, and shut the study-door. Then, before he allowed her to speak another word, he opened a cupboard and took out a bottle of wine and a bag of biscuits, with which he put a little life into her and the child—the good bairn, her mother's own daughter, who had stood silent and sleepy and hungry, but had never once shed a tear. Then he bade Mrs. Kennedy tell him her whole case from beginning to end.

"It was very simple; and he, of course, must have seen it clearly enough—probably much clearer than the poor woman herself saw it. It was the common story of the different way in which the same things affect big folk and little. Probably nobody was to blame, or the whole was a matter of mere carelessness. In all likelihood the young nobleman knew nothing whatever about it, and never would, unless some one specially told him. 'You can not see him,' said Mr. ——, 'he really is not here, but you might write to him. If you like I will sketch out the letter.'

"'But,' continued Mrs. Kennedy, 'I tell't him that I was ill at the pen, and gin I wrote maybe his lordship couldna read it and [illegible] I could only see him just [illegible] five minutes. I hae seen him mony a time—[illegible] up our hill-side by his father's big horse—on his wee Shetland pony. Oh, gin I could but see [illegible]!'

"Probably the young gentleman thought—as I did the[illegible]—oh, if his lordship could but see this woman!—one of the sort of women who bore the sons that followed and fought for his forefathers; with her strong, earnest, and yet not unbeautiful Highland face; her complete self-forgetfulness and absorption in the work she had before her. So, after a little consideration, he agreed with her that a personal interview would give the best chance. But it could only be attained by her going to the college where the young lord then was; and which, to avoid all recognition, I will call St. Cuthbert's Hall, Oxbridge. Would she do this? Could she do it? For it was a considerable journey from London, and it would cost a good deal more money. She asked how much; and then inwardly reckoned her purse. It fell short by at least twenty shillings.

"This was a hard discovery, but she kept it to herself. She had never borrowed a half-penny in her life and would not begin now—certainly not from a stranger. The only thought that occurred to her was to sell something, perhaps a little cairngorm brooch she had; but how to set about it she did not know. And then, in answer to the young gentleman's question, had she any friends in London? she suddenly thought of us.

"She did not know, or if she ever did know, had forgotten, our London address, and our name was a common one enough. The Directory, which her friend took down and diligently searched in, scarcely helped her at all; till at length she recollected my husband's profession and somewhat peculiar Christian name. 'That's him!' she cried, and found to her comfort that Mr. —— knew him, at least by reputation. Most young Scotsmen in London knew my husband. So, without more ado, Mrs. Kennedy took a grateful leave of the gentleman, put herself into a cab by his advice, and drove to our door.

"While she rested, for she absolutely refused to go to bed or to sleep, I went in to consult with my husband. But when I saw him I was so excited by the story I had heard, by the old remembrances which the sight of Mrs. Kennedy had revived, and by things in general, that I could not speak a word, but fairly began to 'greet.' He, too, was in no small degree affected by what at last I managed to tell him; even so much that he had to take refuge in the study of *Bradshaw*, and discovery of the Oxbridge trains.

"We found the only available one now would take Mrs. Kennedy into the town about eleven that night—an impossible time to see a young undergraduate. So we persuaded her with great difficulty, for it seemed to be like losing time, that her best course was to sleep at our house, she and Jessie, and take the earliest morning train, which was at 6 A.M. To this she consented, seeing, with her clear good sense, that nothing better could be done, and being withal greatly comforted by perceiving how happy Jessie was with our children.

"The children—or rather the young people—were in great excitement all day. It was such a romantic story—in a small way—and Mrs. Kennedy was such a remarkable person, and Jessie (who being left behind in awful London, was at first very unhappy, and then being taken to the Zoological Gardens, found consolation in a ride on the big elephant) was such a quaint sort of child, speaking little English, yet full of a curious Highland grace and Highland intelligence. Late at night Jessie's mother came back, and then we all thronged round her, eager to learn how she had fared; in fact, greedy over every word of her story.

"It was told in her face. Never was there such a sad face. I wish his young lordship could have seen it.

"Understand, I don't mean unwarrantably to blame the young nobleman. He was but a boy—careless as boys are: and upon him had fallen, much before his time, the solemn responsibilities of property. I do not suppose he meant any harm, or had the least idea he was doing an unkindness. Only he did it.

"When Mrs. Kennedy reached Oxbridge at about nine in the morning, she was told that his lordship could not be seen; in fact, he had not long gone to bed. This his valet informed her confidentially; adding, for he seemed a kind young fellow, and knew his lordship's Scotch property, and even thought he remembered the farm at the Laighlands, that as soon as his master waked he would tell him that there was a woman waiting, who had come all the way from Scotland to see him.

"She did wait—hour after hour—wandering forlornly about the college gardens and quadrangle—then going into the town for a little food—then walking hurriedly back again, lest by chance she should miss the happy moment when his young lordship should condescend to open his eyes; afraid to intrude, and yet trembling to be forgotten and overlooked, until nearly three in the afternoon. Then, in despair applying again to the valet, she heard that his lordship was at breakfast; some friends were breakfasting with him; he could not possibly be disturbed.

"Nevertheless, the kindly valet took in a message, imploring that she might see him just for one minute;

she would not trouble his lordship longer. He surely must remember the Laighlands; he had ridden there many a time on his little pony. He sent out word that he did remember the Laighlands, and that though he could not see her now, he would see her on Monday following, at his house in London.

"But Mrs. Kennedy knew that Monday would be too late. If she could not leave London on the Saturday evening, she would not reach home in time to prevent the notice from taking effect, and the ejection being accomplished. She urged this upon the valet, who was really kind to her, and he was daring enough to go in and speak to his master a second time. Then one of the guests—a merry-looking young gentleman; they seemed a merry set, Mrs. Kennedy thought, for she heard their shouts of laughter through the door—came out and spoke to her, quite civilly, but with exceeding entertainment at the idea of her thinking it was possible she could see his lordship. But, nevertheless, he told her to make her mind easy, for that a telegram should be sent to the factor to pause in the ejection until he heard further.

"With this Mrs. Kennedy was forced to be content; but she left Oxbridge with a very heavy heart.

"She staid with us until the appointed Monday; and we took her about and showed her and Jessie the wonders of London, and diverted her mind as well as we could from the painful suspense under which she was laboring. She tried to enjoy herself—she was touchingly grateful. But still the heavy sense of what was hanging over her—hanging upon half a dozen words from a youth's careless lips—seemed to cloud over every thing. I never spent a more restless, uncomfortable Sunday than the one before that Monday, in thinking and wondering what would be the result of her application: a result of such slight moment to the young nobleman—of incalculable importance to the old farmer and his family.

"'I hope I'm no wicked, Mrs. Burns,' said the poor woman, looking at me pathetically on coming home from church—we had taken her to hear our own dear minister, though he was Free Kirk and she Established, to prove that there were good 'soun'' Presbyterian Kirks to go to even in London—'I didna mean to be wicked or unthankfu'—and I likit the look o' him, and his sweet voice and kind eyes—but I didna hear one half o' the minister's sermon.'

"Neither did I, so I could say nothing. It was no use to begin moralizing to Mrs. Kennedy about the relations between class and class, and the respective duties that each owes to the other. It is just what I notice in my own household, that what seems a very small thing to me may be a very great one to my servant; and that it behooves all who are put in authority to take the utmost pains to look at every question from the under as well as the upper side.

"Eleven in the forenoon was the hour fixed for the interview. We dressed Mrs. Kennedy for it with great care, and helped her out with some few things: for she had hardly any clothes with her; and we thought it advisable that his lordship's tenant of fifty years' standing, and representing a tenantry of fifty years previous to that, should appear before him as respectable as possible. To this end, it being a fearfully wet morning, we sent her off in a decent cab, which my husband gave orders should wait for her at the corner of the square.

"This done—we, too, waited; in a suspense that to my young people was very exciting, and to me actually painful. We had given her a full hour, indeed I expected a much longer absence, for I thought she would likely be kept waiting; people whose time is of little value never reckon the value of time to others. So if she were back by one I should have been well pleased. But long before the clock struck twelve the cab drew up to the door, and Mrs. Kennedy stood in the hall. The moment I saw her face I was certain all was lost.

"'Come in,' I said, and drew her into the study, and shut the door to keep the children out a while. 'Come in and sit down.'

"She sat down, and then lifted up to me the forlornest face! 'Ye're vera kind, ma'am; I'll tell the gudeman ye've been wonderfu' kind. My puir auld man!—and he past seventy year!—It's awfu' hard for him.'

"I took her hand—poor soul! and then she shed one or two tears, not more, and rose.

"'I maun gang hame as soon as I can, Mrs. Burns, to look after the auld man.'

"'Then there is no chance? What did his lordship say to you?'

"'Naething. He went aff to Paris yestreen.'

"'And did he leave no letter—no message?'

"'Ne'er a word. He's clean forgot me. Young folks hae short memories. Maybe he meant nae harm.'

"This was all she said. Not a word of blame or reproach or bitterness. The instinctive feeling of feudal respect in which she had been brought up, or perhaps a higher feeling still, sealed her tongue even then. Nor did I—indignant as I was—desire to be more severe upon the young man than he deserved. I only wished that he, who had such an infinite power of good in his hands—such an unlimited possibility of experiencing the keenest joy of life—making people happy—could have seen the misery on this poor woman's face, as she thought of all her weary journeys thrown away—of her returning journey to te.. the bitter tidings to her old husband, about whom she seemed to grieve far more than for herself.

"'If his lordship wad hae let us stop at the Laighlands while the auld man lived,' she said, 'we wad hae paid a better rent—we tell't the factor that—and newstockit the farm, and Kennedy wad hae done his best wi' the new-fangled ways, though he hates them a'—and it wadna hae been for more than ten years at most: and what's ten years to his young lordship, that will scarce be a man when my auld man's in his grave! Ochone—ochone!' And she began rocking herself with a low moan, and talking in Gaelic to Jessie, who had run in eagerly with several of my children. I took them all away, and left the child and mother together.

"There was no more to be done. To apply to Mr. ——, who had been so kind, was also useless: he had told her he was only in London for two days. Besides, he could not interfere openly in her affairs, which, from his position in the household, he had nothing whatever to do. The only thing was to accept passively things as they were, and trust to the chance that the telegram sent had stopped present proceedings at the Laighlands. While in the mean time Mrs. Kennedy might take the course which had at first been intended of addressing his lordship by letter.

"We wrote it for her, putting the case in her name, but in as strong terms as we could, and my husband took care that it should be forwarded in such a mode as that it was almost impossible his lordship should *not* receive it. This done, we sent the poor woman away by the night-train to Scotland—for she was most eager to be gone—making her and Jessie as comfortable as we could; earnestly hoping, and with perhaps an allowable hypocrisy trying hard to persuade her, that after all things might turn out less sad than she feared. We assured her—and ourselves in doing so—that the telegram would make all safe for a few days to come; and in the mean time her letter—that momentous letter, the invention and inditing of which had cost us, as well as herself, such a world of pains—might, nay, must, not only appeal to the young landlord's sense of justice, but touch his heart, even in the midst of his Paris enjoyments: so that he would immediately send back word, confirming the Laighlands Farm to poor old Kennedy for his lifetime. My young folk, full of youth's romance and inherent belief in goodness, felt quite sure it would be so; nay, I think the younger ones actually imagined his lordship would do all manner of noble and generous actions—even to driving to the farm in a coach and six, personally to express his regard for the Kennedys—the very next time he happened to be on his property.

"We started her off—poor body!—with many good wishes on both sides: talked of her very often for a week or so, and then, hearing no more, we concluded all was well so far: the whirl of London life swallowed us up, and the subject dropped out of our memories.

"It might have been February—no, I have the letter here, and it is dated 12th March—that my husband got the following from Mr. Kennedy, written in a feeble old man's hand, but carefully composed and spelled, as became one of the well-educated peasantry of the North; one, too, who though only a farmer, could count his forefathers for more generations than many an owner of a magnificent 'place.'

"'DEAR SIR,—I beg to return you my sincerest thanks for your unremitting kindness to my wife and daughter when in London: when they came home and told us, the whole family were delighted to hear of such kindness being shown them. Before Mrs. Kennedy came home, a friend got a paper made out in our favor to prevent any thing being done against us; this friend was home in the boat along with Mrs. Kennedy, also officers from ——, to get us put out. I went in the morning to call upon the factor and see if he had got the telegram from his lordship, but I could not see him, and I asked his clerk if he knew if he had got it, but he said he had heard no word about it. I told him the telegram was certainly sent, for that Mrs. Kennedy saw the valet go to the telegraph office at Oxbridge with it. The officers came to the farm, but this friend of ours got them stopped. We learned afterward that the telegram had been misdirected, and so it went to another place, and did not reach the factor till too late. We have got no answer from his young lordship to the letter you was kind enough to help Mrs. Kennedy write. We have sold part of our sheep in order to get some better kind, as we have been hearing that it has been said we were turned out because our farm was not fully stocked; but the Order in Council about the cattle disease, preventing cattle being removed from one place to another, and the uncertain situation we are placed in, has hindered this being done. But if we get encouragement from his lordship we will stock the farm, and get on as soon as possible. If you will be kindly pleased, say in your wisdom, if any thing can be done, and if we need to write his lordship any more till we hear from himself.

"'I am, dear Sir,
"'Your most obedient servant,
"'ANDREW KENNEDY.'

"On receipt of this letter we all laid our heads together to consider what had best be done. The result was that Mr. Kennedy wrote a second letter to the young nobleman—sufficient, we thought, to have moved a heart of stone—and my husband got it forwarded immediately by what he believed to be even a surer channel than the first one had gone by. And, meantime, we made private inquiries as to what sort of young fellow he really was: and, I must confess, we heard nothing ill of him: nothing but faults of youth—which a few more years may mend, and cause him to grow up a man worthy of his important destiny: worthy of his ancestors and himself. Oh, that, for many sakes besides his own, this poor lad, left orphaned at a time a lad most needs a father's care, and pinnacled on a height where the bravest and steadiest could hardly walk without tottering—oh, that it may yet be so!

"After sending this letter for two months more we heard nothing from the Laighlands. Then came the following, headed by another date, which the minute I saw I knew the poor old farmer's fate was decided:

"'FAIRBANK COTTAGE, May ——.

"'DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to say that we never received any letter from his lordship; and we had to submit to be ejected from our farm and home, so that we are now for a short time in a little cottage belonging to my brother, James Kennedy. I called upon the factor to-day to see if he had any place for us now; but I got no encouragement. He had said the family could make us comfortable with another house if we left the Farm; but there is no word of that now. We would have written to you sooner, but Mrs. Kennedy has been so grieved in her mind, and she had no time to spare, being busy removing and packing up furniture until we get some home elsewhere. She still remembers the kindness shown her by you and your kind family, and bids me say she has a small box preparing with a few articles to send to Mrs. Burns as a small token of her gratitude for the kindness shown her. You can let Mr. —— know how we have been used, and how the young lord forgot us in our distress. If his lordship would have given us a small lot of ground and a house we should have taken it kind, though we lost our farm; and so we would now; but in the way he forgot us, we have no encouragement to ask any other favor.

"'I am, my dear Sir,
"'Your sincere well-wisher,
"'ANDREW KENNEDY.'

"That was all. No more complaints; no blame; no wild democratic outcry against the lord of the soil. The old man had been brought up to respect 'the powers that be,' and to submit, unmurmuring, in his stern, patient, unquestioning Presbyterian faith, to the ordering of Providence. Unto human injustice it is possible to submit too much; and yet there is a submission which is not merely wise but heroic. I own that poor old man's letter—in its brevity involving such a world of grief and loss, and that too at the close of life, when loss is quite irreparable—touched most deeply both my husband and me. And—well, there lies before you Mrs. Kennedy's butter."

I tasted it, for the second time feeling "like to greet," but with a far deeper emotion than the mere remembrance of the lovely country about the Laighlands.

* * * *

I should like to end this tale—a true tale, be it again understood—with the bright winding-up exacted by "poetical justice." I should like to state how—"better late than never"—his young lordship had recognized his responsibilities; and though the carelessly-worded telegram did fail of its object, though the promised appointment was broken, and the humble, entreating letters left unanswered, possibly even unread, still some good angel had brought the matter to the young man's memory, with favorable results for poor Kennedy's few remaining years. So that, though he could not be reinstated in his farm—nay (for let us hold the balance of justice fairly between poor and rich, the rich who are often in reality so painfully, humiliatingly poor), although it might even be inevitable, for some recondite reason, that he should have been removed from it—still there was found for him that "little lot of ground" hard by somewhere, where the old man could live comfortably and content until the end of his days.

But nothing of the sort has happened, or seems likely to happen, so far as I know. I can only tell the story, and leave it; as we are obliged to leave so many things in this world—sad, unfinished: unable alike to see the reason of them, or the final settlement of them. Only there is One above us who sees all.

THE WIFFLES.

THE entire Wiffle family were in a quiver of expectation, for it is not with poor folk as with rich ones. Their store-room is filled before ever they touch bottom, and they think of loaves and sugars and such things very much as though they grew for the picking; but people like the Wiffles live on a sort of general starvation plan, varied by occasional flashes of relief. When any money did find its way into a Wiffle's pocket Mrs. Wiffle immediately bought indispensable articles in small quantities, calculated exactly to stretch over the time before any more money would be found in the pocket again; and these indispensables were divided, something as shipwrecked sailors on a raft do their biscuit, with a view to holding out as long as possible.

Naturally, just before relief again, every thing was at low ebb, and there were a score or more of good reasons for the Wiffle anxiety.

There was just tea enough for another day.

There was not more than half a pound of sugar.

Mattie's toes were out.

So was the salt—so was the Indian-meal.

Mrs. Wiffle could not sew another stitch: no thread, and no black sewing silk.

And there was exactly flour enough for another baking—a Wiffles baking lasted two days.

The potatoes were gone.

The grocer had sent in his bill.

Miss Harriet Wiffle owed Miss Gregory fifty cents.

The Wiffles were ravening for a dinner. There had been no meat, and nothing but lunches for a week.

They had counted up the funds in the family pocket-book: three cents exactly.

Miss Harriet Wiffle had found a shop where they were selling damaged muslins and hosiery at cheap rates, which would be a godsend for the little Wiffles if money came in time.

Harry Wiffle was ailing, and out of the medicine that kept his cough in order.

Do you wonder that the Wiffle family was in a fever, and, however it pretended to be busy about the house, was secretly on the look-out, every member of it, for the first glimpse of Miss Georgiana Wiffle, who had gone to the Post-office, and to call on Mrs. Duvernay?

Now I suppose you would like to know the connection between the Wiffle anxiety, the Post-office, and Mrs. Duvernay. Miss Georgiana Wiffle pieced out the resources of the family by little poems, in which she told where the moon was, the precise shade of the water, what her heart said to Time, Fate, and Futurity, and how the clock came in between. Her "At Low Tide" had just made its appearance in print, and the Wiffle family enthusiastically declared that there was not so very much difference between it and some of Mrs. Browning's things, if it *was* written by Georgiana Wiffle, and that the check was or would be exactly in season, when it came, as they could not hold out much longer. Georgiana had been twice already to the Post-office, and the Wiffles were convinced that the third time must bring the check. Mrs. Duvernay was a lady for whom Miss Harriet Wiffle did embroidery and plain sewing with great privacy, and at half the usual prices. Mrs. Duvernay owed Miss Wiffles fifteen dollars, and as the debt was five or six weeks overdue Georgiana undertook to call there also on her way to the Post-office. Fifteen dollars from one quarter and ten from another would set the Wiffles on their legs again, and the Wiffles took heart of grace while waiting for Georgiana.

The children spied her fast and sounded the news.

"Georgie's coming and she has something in her hand."

The elder Wiffles immediately ran about their business and tried to look indifferent, though they made a poor figure at it; for Miss Harriet, who was washing the dishes, threw away all the milk, and Mrs. Wiffle solemnly basted the bottom of a dress-skirt like a bag and sewed the two sides fast together. The younger Wiffles were less diplomatic. They saw no reason for not pouncing on Miss Georgiana at once with, did you get the money? though they might have spared the question if they had looked at her. Mrs. Wiffle and Miss Harriet Wiffle stopped work in dismay.

"Mrs. Duvernay will pay Harriet the first of next month," said the girl, coldly as possible lest she should thaw altogether; "and there was nothing at the post-office except this," throwing a letter down on the table. Nobody looked at it. It bore no publisher's stamp, and that was enough. What on earth were they to do? They had lived up to three days ago. They had pulled through these three days, Heaven knows how, only they never could have done it at all if they had not been buoyed by the expectation of the money that was due. Harry, seeing the doleful faces about him, set up a howl, and his mother shrank in distress at the increased hoarseness of his crying.

"If people knew the misery brought on other and innocent people by their wicked neglect"—she commenced warmly, but the sentence never got any further. Mrs. Wiffle was not a woman to say in her haste what she might repent at leisure.

"If there was any thing to do!" said Georgiana, dolefully, leaning her arms on the table and her head on her arms. "What do men do at such times?"

"Write to the editor," suggested Harriet.

"Can't. We have not an envelope or a stamp in the world, or a bit of note-paper even. Paper is so expensive I bought just what I thought would last."

"I can sell matches," suggested Mattie; but the elder Wiffles were too miserable even to laugh. Mrs. Wiffle, who had gone down to the kitchen, came up again in a sort of despair.

"Good Heavens, girls! what can I do? It won't answer to eat all the bread, for when that is gone we are ruined. I thought I would make an Indian pudding; but there is no meal, no sugar, no eggs, no corn starch; and the tea—"

Georgiana stuffed her fingers in her ears.

"Don't, mother, please. I am getting desperate. I feel like breaking through somewhere to see if we can not get out, or like going back and scratching Mrs. Duvernay."

"Or the editor," piped Harry, hoarsely.

"Mother," said Harriet, uneasily, "that child's feet should be bathed."

"But we have no mustard."

"Salt will answer."

"We are out of that also," returned Mrs. Wiffle, hopelessly, and taking up her letter—a crabbedly-written note, four lines long:

"SISTER ANNE,—I am in New York, at the Clarendon. Shall stay there two days. I hear you are in trouble. If you choose to let by-gones be by-gones, come and see me.
"Yours, DAVID."

"From your Uncle David," commented Mrs. Wiffle, much excited. "He can help us if he likes."

Miss Harriet examined the date.

"This was written yesterday. One of the two days has gone already."

"We could not go if there were forty days. How should we get a ticket to New York?"

"Your money may come."

"Yes," assented Georgie, indifferently, "it may come. If I could only write now."

"Borrow paper and stamp."

"From whom? We know no one here."

"Mattie can run across the street and ask."

"What will they think?"

"Stuff! What should we think if Uncle David made us his heirs? Run, Mattie."

Mattie tripped across the street, and the Wiffles watched her through the blinds. She came back slowly. They were very sorry, but they were just out. Georgiana sat a little in a sort of stupid despair, and, bethinking herself, rushed up stairs and searched the dress pockets for stray pennies. Then she pulled out the children's boxes and the bureau drawers. Miss Harriet followed and got out her trinkets.

"I shall try to sell my ring," she said.

Georgiana stared.

"Why, child, they will not give you more than a dollar for it."

"A dollar will buy medicine and paper."

"The check may come to-morrow."

"Have you looked at Harry? He has fever already."

"Fever," echoed Mrs. Wiffle, who had followed them. "I have sent Mattie for Dr. Gray. I think Harry's case is serious."

Harriet tied her bonnet-strings very hard and went out into the street, and Mrs. Wiffle looking after her in wonder.

"She is gone to sell her ring," said Georgie, with a jerk. "She thinks she may get a dollar for it." Whereupon the two women began to cry, and improved their time in that way while Harriet was gone. When they saw her coming they wiped their eyes, and pretended that they had been sorting clothes. Harriet came back, looking very pale. Nobody would buy her ring.

By this time the doctor had arrived and shook his head over Harry.

"You should have called me before. He must be doctored sharply now or—"

The doctor did not finish his sentence, but hastily wrote a prescription. The women grew paler yet, and looked piteously at each other.

"I see," said Georgie, bravely. "Harriet went out to sell her ring, and I must go out to throw away my pride and call on Mrs. Duvernay. I will tell her what I have left at home."

She said that over and over to herself all the way to Mrs. Duvernay's door; but Mrs. Duvernay was not at home. "Miss Wiffle would wait till Mrs. Duvernay returned." The man stared.

"I beg your pardon, Miss. Mrs. Duvernay has gone to the country."

"Write to her there," suggested Harriet.

"No stamp and paper," briefly responded Georgie, sitting still in her cloak and a brown study.

"I shall go mad of that no stamp," burst out Harriet, ordinarily the most phlegmatic of mortals.

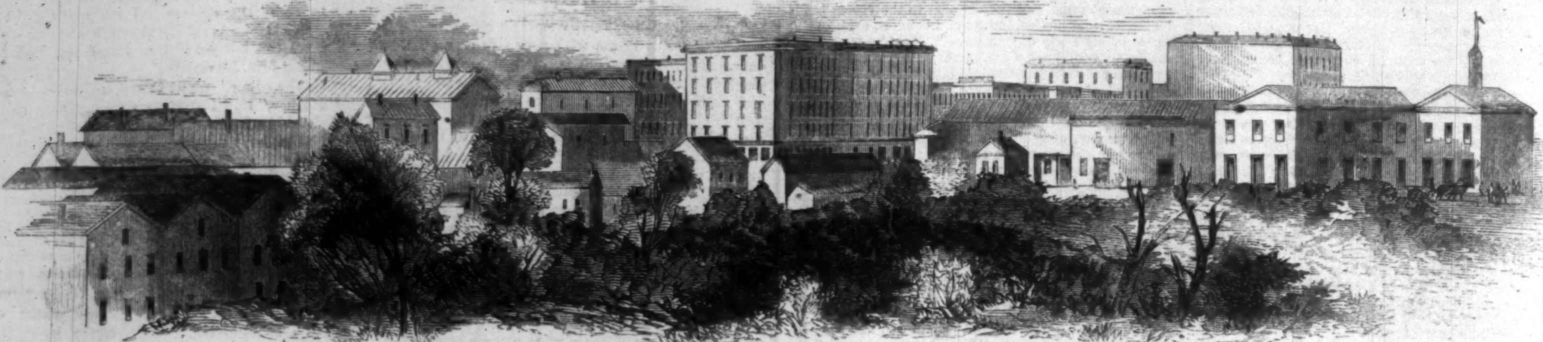
"A three-fold cord is seldom broken," answered Georgie, irrelevantly and mysteriously, and marched out before she could be questioned. She was afraid of losing her inspiration if she stopped for explanations. In one hand she carried the prescription, in the other her pocket-book, and she went to the druggist on the corner, of whom she was known. When the prescription was ready,

"That I should have brought no money!" she exclaimed, innocently, and searching her pocket-book with an air of vexation. The polite druggist assured her that it was of no consequence; and so she carried the precious bottle home in triumph and dazzled her mother and sister with it. Her conscience gnawed her, but give her no credit for it; for when later Harry was in want of lemons, sugar, and mustard, she did the same thing with the innocent grocer. That evening they talked dolefully of Uncle David, and Harriet thought he should have known that two days would not give them breathing-time; but Mrs. Wiffle contended that he had been deeply offended, and that it was heroic to make any advance at all.

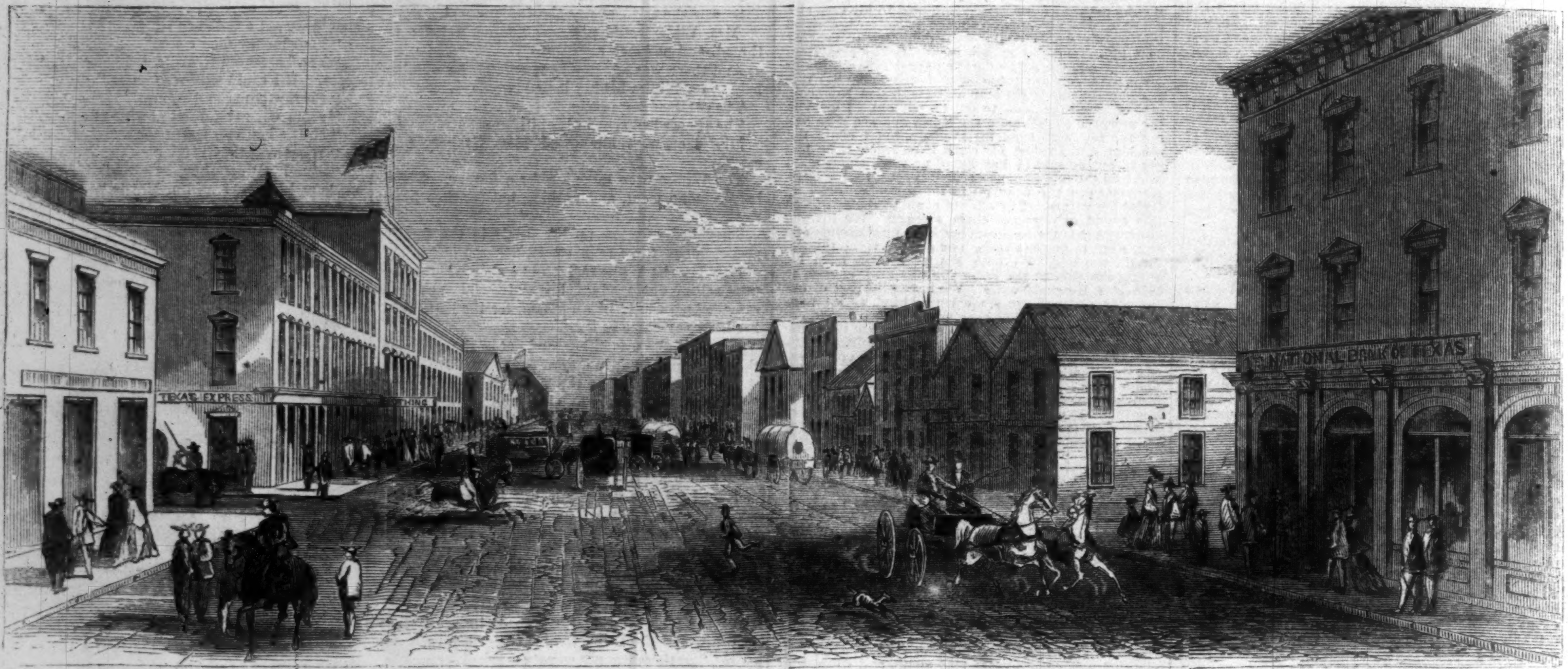
They had not entirely relinquished hope. The check might come with the early morning mail; and Georgie had visions of jumping into the first train and reaching New York in time to catch Uncle David over his breakfast at the Clarendon. She was afraid to look at the slow clerk, indifferently going over his letters, and turned her head away. There was nothing from the editor or from Mrs. Duvernay, who, Harriet had hoped, would remember them, but a note from Uncle David:

"SISTER ANNE,—Since you neither choose to come nor write I see you mean to let well alone. If you are suited I don't know as I should complain, though I should have liked to say good-by to some one of my own before such a voyage as that to China, and to have left you something besides your pride. Good-by. DAVID."

The Wiffles sat down and cried together.



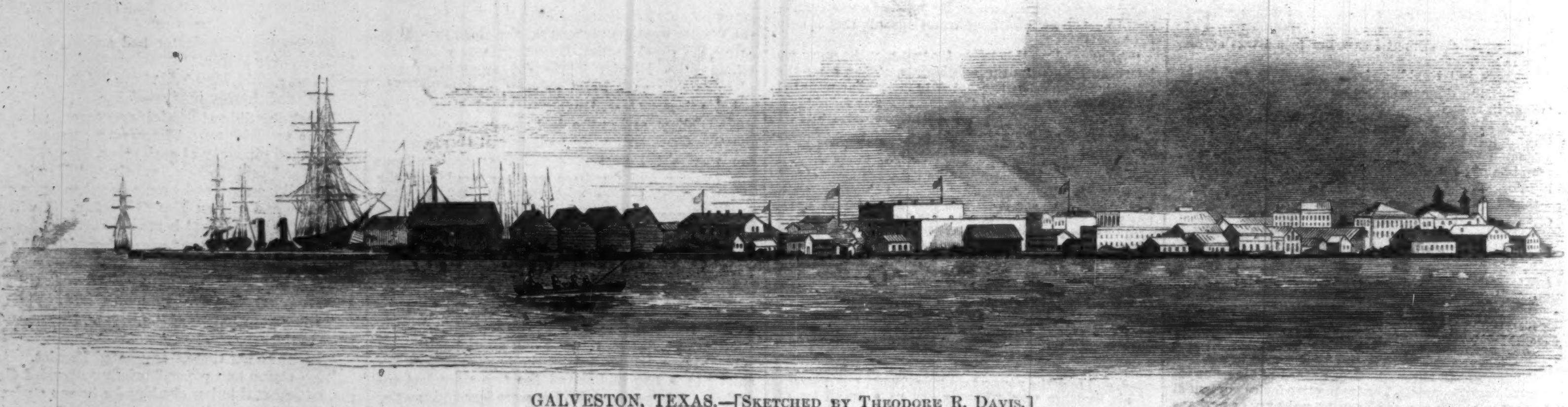
HOUSTON, TEXAS.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]



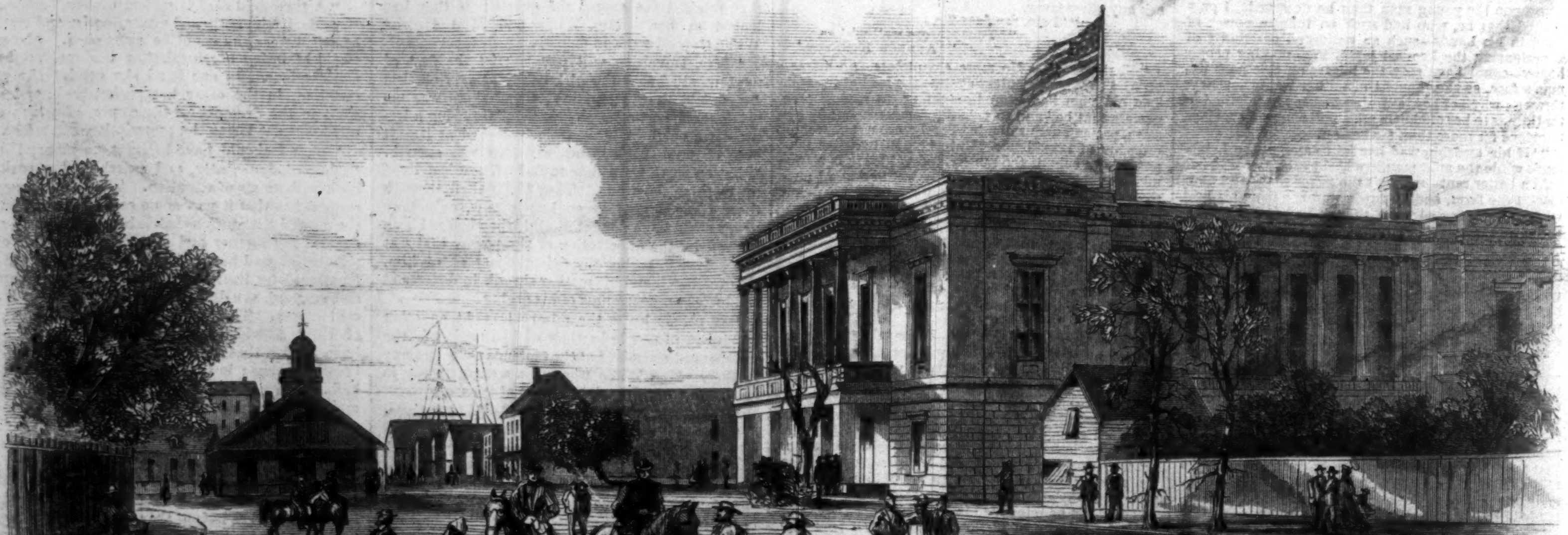
TEXAS EXPRESS
NATIONAL BANK OF TEXAS

General Wright's Head-quarters.

THE STRAND, OR MAIN STREET, GALVESTON, TEXAS.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]



GALVESTON, TEXAS.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]



CUSTOM-HOUSE, GALVESTON, TEXAS.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 686.]

FANEUIL HALL.

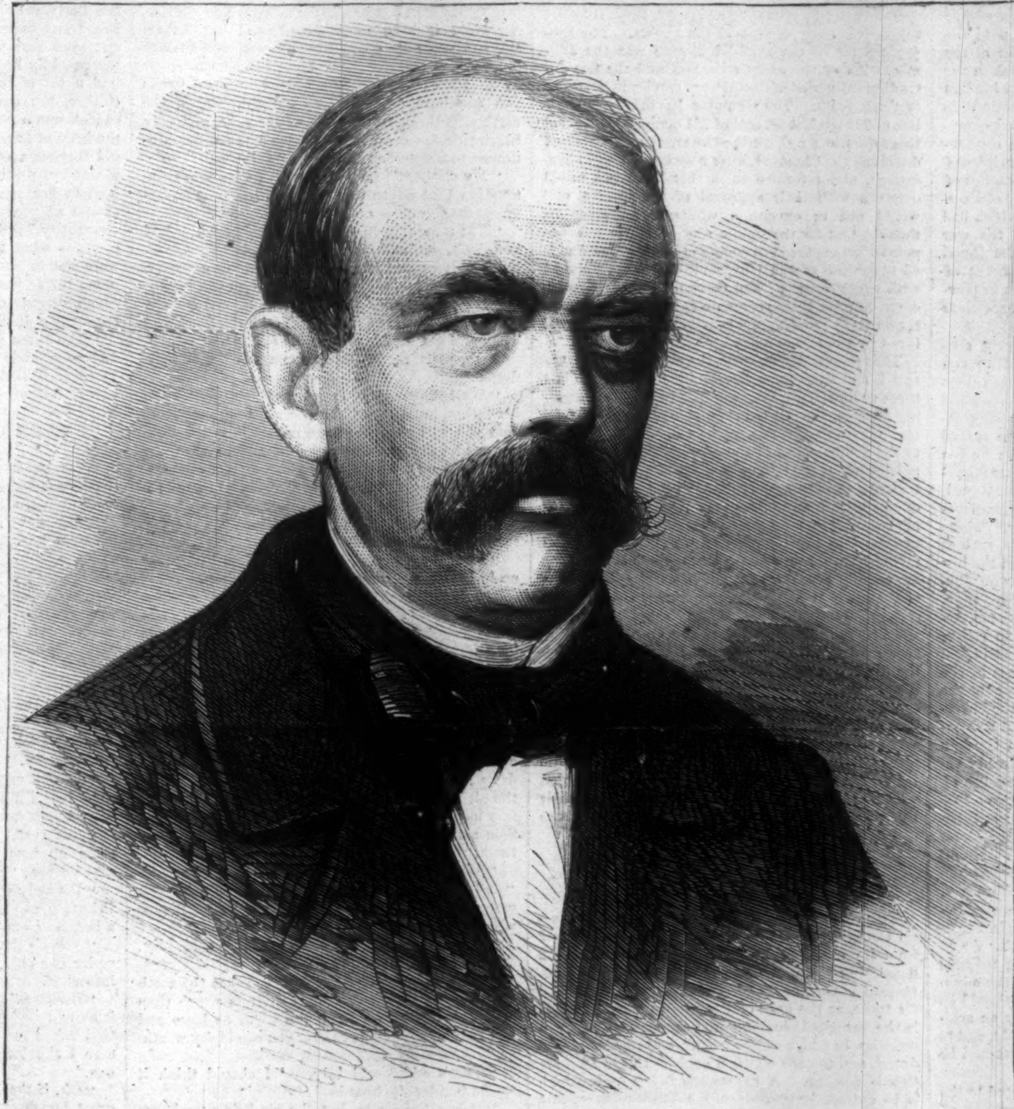
Faneuil Hall has been denominated "the Cradle of American Liberty," having been the popular gathering-place of the Sons of Liberty during the incipient stages of the Revolution. It was erected in 1742, at the sole expense of Peter Faneuil, Esq., of Boston, and by him generously given to the town—the basement for a market, with a spacious and beautiful hall above for public meetings. It was burned in 1761, nothing but the brick walls remaining; but the edifice was immediately rebuilt. It was enlarged in 1805, by the addition of another story and an increase of forty feet in its width. The hall is about eighty feet square, and contains some fine paintings of distinguished men. The original vane, copied from that of the London Royal Exchange, still turns upon the pinnacle: the vane is in the form of a huge grasshopper. In 1776 Faneuil Hall was converted into a theatre by the British. When the news reached Boston of the passage by the British Parliament of the Boston Port Bill (providing for the removal of customs, courts of justice, and government officers of every kind from Boston to Salem, and for the discontinuance of landing, discharging, and shipping of wares and merchandise at Boston), a town meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, at which Samuel Adams presided. The meeting voted to stop all importation from or exportation to "Great Britain and every part of the East Indies;" and with this declaration in his hand Paul Revere took his celebrated ride from Boston to New York, inflaming the country as he went along.

It was in Faneuil Hall that Theodore Parker and Wendell Phillips aroused the citizens of Boston to resistance against the Fugitive Slave Bill in the case of the slave Burns.

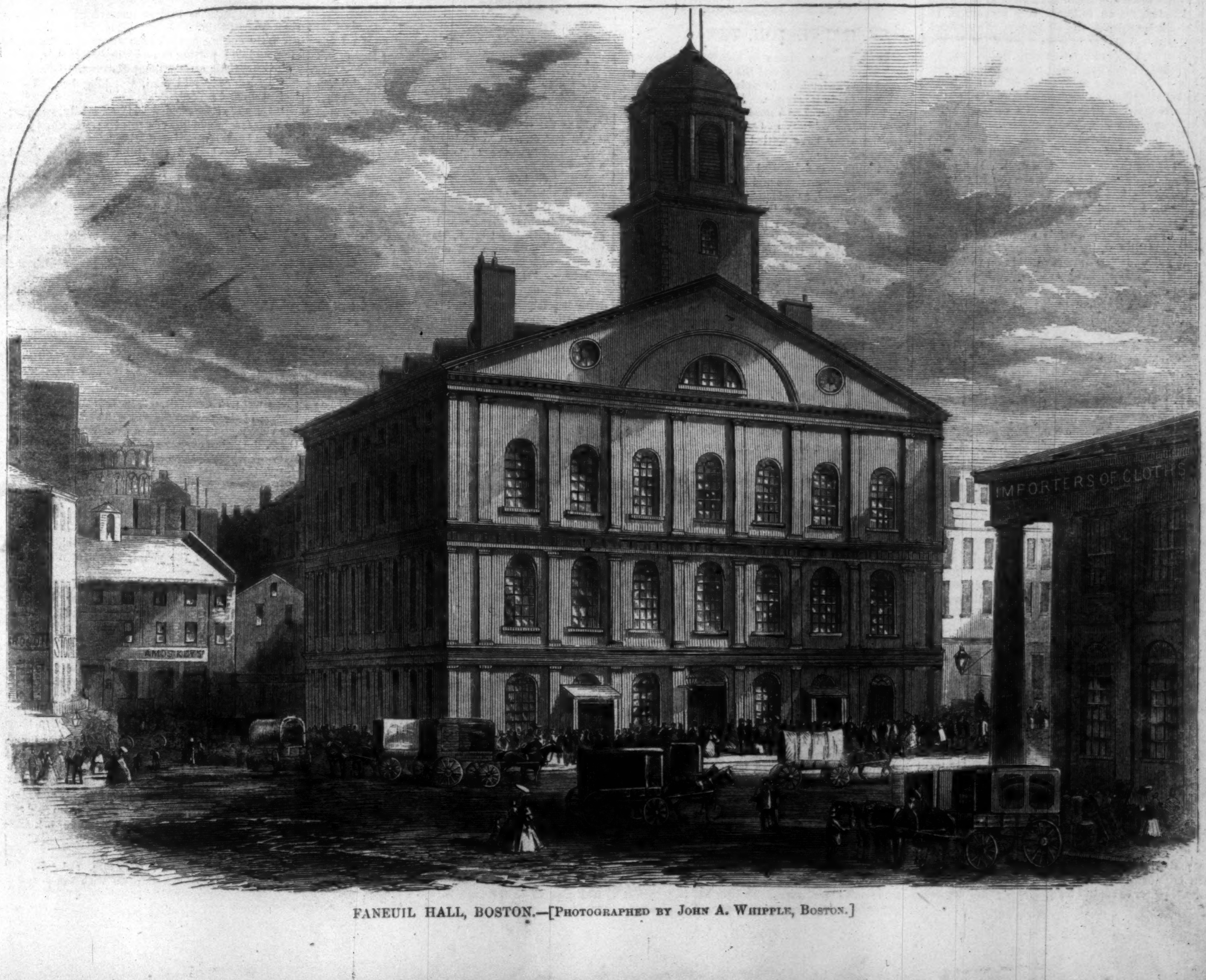
COUNT BISMARCK.

Karl Otto Von Bismarck auf Schönhausen, the bold and dextrous Minister who has conquered Germany for Prussia, was born at Brandenburg, in 1813, the year of that great uprising of the German nation against the empire of Napoleon I., from which may be dated the movement in favor of national unity among the different populations of the German race. It has been the fortunate achievement of Count Bismarck in Germany, as of Count Cavour in Italy, to invent the political emergency which has enabled the progressive tendencies of the divided nation to rally around one of its principal States, on the occasion of a great military victory won over the rival Power, which had long been viewed as the representative of illiberal and anti-national interests. The kingdom of Prussia has by this means gained the same kind of supremacy in Germany which devolved seven years ago in Italy upon the kingdom of Sardinia—or rather, as it should have been styled, of Piedmont. The parallel, however, between the conduct of the German and of the Italian statesman can not be pursued further by an examination into their dealings with the internal affairs, and especially with the constitutional liberties and franchises, of the State which each Minister respectively ruled. For while Cavour applied himself fairly and honestly to the working out of parliamentary government, on the English model, in order to win the attachment of the other populations of Italy to the Piedmontese monarchy by the attractive example of freedom, Bismarck, on the contrary, persisted in outraging and corrupting the Prussian representative constitution till he had almost made the King an absolute despot, prepared to cope on equal terms with the Austrian military empire.

In the earlier part of his career Herr von Bismarck does not appear to have shown any promise of future distinction. He was educated successively at the Universities of Göttingen, Greifswalde, and Berlin, where he is said to have been addicted beyond measure to the boisterous pleasures of the German Burschen, and to have displayed no great proficiency in his studies. It is even asserted that he failed to pass the requisite examination for entering the civil service, and was admitted by special favor. His father was a country squire of noble birth and moderate estate; but more than one member of his family had held high



COUNT BISMARCK, PRIME MINISTER TO THE KING OF PRUSSIA.



FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON.—[Photographed by John A. Whipple, Boston.]

office, and Otto von Bismarck was not without the aid of influential patrons. Nevertheless, he had obtained no higher promotion than the post of Superintendent of Dykes in the Altmark up to the time of his election, in 1847, as a member of the Prussian Diet, having previously had a seat in the Provincial Assembly of that part of the kingdom where he dwelt. He was immediately noticed as one of the most vehement and even insolent champions of the Junker or Tory party, as he ostentatiously professed his contempt for the principles of constitutional government, ridiculed the practice of parliamentary debate, denied that the King of Prussia was bound to grant those franchises which had been solemnly promised at the time of the war against Napoleon, and declared that the Royal prerogative was derived, not from the consent of the people, but from the grace of God, and was practically unlimited save by the voluntary concessions of the Royal bounty.

These opinions were not the extravagant conceits of youth, but have been asserted by Herr von Bismarck on all occasions since he began to take a conspicuous place in public life, which was in the thirty-fifth year of his age. He has repeatedly denounced the freedom of the press, and the spread of intelligence among the working-classes; he has gone so far as to express a wish that the large manufacturing and commercial towns could be destroyed, so that a purely rural population might submissively obey the behests of an absolute ruler. These and similar utterances of rampant Toryism, such as can scarcely be matched by any instance in the history of English parties, rendered Herr von Bismarck one of the most unpopular men of his time. He was excluded from the German National Assembly of 1848, and lived some months in retirement; but in the following year, upon the triumph of the reactionary party, he took his seat in the Chamber of Deputies at Berlin as member for the district of Zauche. Here, again, he was the bitterest assailant of the Moderate Liberals, and was accustomed to deride the aspirations toward German unity which the so-called Gotha party already began to encourage, as associated with the cause of constitutional liberty in Prussia. Herr von Bismarck, for his part, maintained that it was to Prussianism, not to Germanism, that they must look for the safety and advancement of the State. He affected in those days to venerate Austria as the proper representative of the ancient power of Germany, while he censured the struggle for Schleswig-Holstein as a petty act of revolution, and an infringement of the rights of the King of Denmark. As an instance of his sagacity on questions of political economy, it is remembered that he was the advocate of a law by which the trade guilds should be empowered, as in the Middle Ages, to fix an arbitrary price for every sort of goods to be sold, and to prescribe the number of apprentices who should be brought up to each trade.

In 1851 Herr von Bismarck was admitted to the diplomatic service, and sent as First Secretary of Legation to the Prussian Embassy at Frankfort; but, within three months of his arrival at this post, was elevated, by an extraordinary promotion, to that of Embassador at the sittings of the Federal Bund. He had evidently been selected for his independent and supercilious bearing, on purpose to bid defiance to Count Rechberg, who was then Austrian Embassador at Frankfort and President of the Diet. Many amusing stories are told of the encounters between them, Herr von Bismarck, by his high spirits, wit, and courage, usually getting the better of his more dignified antagonist, who was once so plainly insulted by the Prussian that they were on the point of fighting a duel. It became necessary, therefore, to recall Herr von Bismarck from Frankfort, and he was transferred to the embassy at St. Petersburg, where he entered into intimate relations with Prince Gortschakoff, then busy with schemes for a triple alliance of Russia, Prussia, and France, by which each of those Powers was to acquire an extensive addition to its territories at the expense of Austria, Turkey, Belgium, and the smaller German States. The Crimean War, however, prevented, or at least postponed, the execution of these projects, which seem not to have been agreed to by the Emperor of the French, and were afterward disavowed by the Prince Regent of Prussia, who at that time was unwilling to entertain any plans of self-aggrandizement at the expense of his brother sovereigns.

After his accession to the throne a change, apparently for the worse, came over the state of Prussia. The Liberal influences of the Crown Prince, the Prince of Hohenzollern, and their friends, now gave way to the intrigues of the Junkers—or, as they are sometimes called, from the title of their newspaper organ, the *Kreuz Zeitung* party. Count Bernstorff having become Minister of Foreign Affairs instead of Herr von Schleinitz, a new line of foreign policy was resolved upon, though it was necessarily to be kept dark till the views of the other European Powers could be ascertained. Herr von Bismarck, leaving Count Goltz to succeed him at the Russian Court, had no sooner returned to Berlin than it was intimated by the French Minister that the Emperor Napoleon would like to see Bismarck as Prussian Plenipotentiary at the Tuileries. He had more than once spoken in favor of a French alliance, under certain circumstances, previously to the war between France and Austria in 1859. Herr von Bismarck thus became Prussian Embassador at Paris; but what passed between him and the Emperor Napoleon is best known to themselves.

In September, 1862, Herr von Bismarck was summoned home to Berlin and intrusted with the task of forming a new Ministry, over which he has since presided, with the port-folio of Foreign Affairs, Count Eulenburg being Minister of the Interior; Herr von Roon, Minister of War; and Bodelschwingh and Von der Heydt successively Finance Ministers. The whole course of their administration, from 1862 down to the outbreak of the late war, has been a pertinacious conflict against the majority of the Chamber, whose votes have been impudently set at naught, and whose Constitutional power to control the public expenditure has been nullified, while the Prime Minister has coolly declared that he and his colleagues will not be responsible to Parliament, and that they consider themselves only servants of the Crown. The subject-matter of the original dispute was the augmentation of the army estimates and the law extending the period of compulsory service in the army to three years. The Chamber having, by majorities of 272 against 68, and of 251 against 36, decided these questions against the Government, Bismarck dissolved the Chamber, after a series of angry altercations, and informed them that the King would dispense with their approval of the budget, and would put in execution whatever measures he thought best for the public service. The newspapers which ventured to comment on this high-handed procedure of the Government were prosecuted with great severity; and those public officials who dared to raise their voices on behalf of the Constitution were punished by removal to distant places, if not by the loss of office.

Thus practically despotic, the rule of King William I and Bismarck, his Minister, during the last three or four years, has been directed with astonishing success, though by conduct which history will perhaps stigmatize as perfidious and double-dealing, to the achievement of those grand objects, the expulsion of Austria from the German political system, and the consequent union of the several States of North Germany to the Prussian Kingdom, which are regarded by most impartial observers as a change beneficial to the interests of European peace and civilization. Nor can we doubt that these results are equally acceptable to the national spirit of the Germans. It is unnecessary here to review the series of transactions relative to the Schleswig-Holstein provinces, which led to the open quarrel between Prussia on the one hand, and Austria, with the minor States of Germany, on the other, finally issuing in the rupture of the Federation, and the short but decisive war of last midsummer. It would be a difficult task to attempt to vindicate the honesty and good faith of the Prussian Government in these transactions; but the skill and valor of the Prussian army, the intelligence and patriotic spirit of the Prussian people, have justly earned for their country a degree of political and military importance second to none of the Powers of Europe.

HOUSTON, TEXAS.

The city of Houston, Texas, is situated in Harris County, on Buffalo Bayou, 45 miles by water from its entrance into Galveston Bay. It is a flourishing town, the second of the State in commercial importance, and is advantageously situated for trade, at the head of steamboat navigation. It is the principal shipping port for several adjacent counties, in which cotton, sugar, and maize are produced, and toward which a copious tide of emigration is flowing. A railroad is being built which is to extend westward to the Brazos River, and probably to Austin. Houston was settled in 1836. Its population in 1860 was nearly five thousand.

GALVESTON, TEXAS.

There are few towns in the South where so much Northern energy and the effects of Northern capital are as visible as in Galveston. The reason of this seems to be simple. It was looked upon at the close of the war as a good place to make money. Army officers, soldiers, and other persons connected with the army have settled here, seemingly for a permanent home.

The climate is delightful and the people, generally speaking, courteous and hospitable.

On the Strand, or principal street, there are some fine stores and other buildings. A bank, the First National of Texas, has been established, with a South Carolina president, and an ex-General—Major-General W. T. Clark, of the Army of the Tennessee—for cashier. The bank is doing a fine business, and is cordially supported by the people.

A fine Custom-house, in which is located the Post-office, attracts the attention of the new-comer almost the first thing upon his entrance into the city.

The Collector, General Kent, was General Grant's Provost-Marshal at the time of the surrender of Vicksburg, and did the tedious duty of paroling Pemberton's army. General Kent has not forgotten his army discipline, and looks sharply after the interests of Uncle Sam, to the evident disgust of parties that used to "slip things through."

The Galveston beach is said to be finer than any beach in the country. D.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By Miss Anna Warner,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I really think," said Mr. May, one morning, at the breakfast-table, "that you children have done wonders with your three dollars. Why, the gardens are splendid!"

"Yes, indeed," said Lily, "I think they are. If it wasn't for two or three things gardening would be too delightful."

"What are the two or three things, pray?"

"One is the weeds, papa."

"Aha!" said her father, laughing; "I thought you did not mean to have any weeds?"

Lily shook her head with an air that said very plainly if *she* had not meant it the weeds had.

"It's so hard to rake 'em off, papa. I hoe them up ever so nicely, but the minute I begin to rake away comes the earth and every thing, as if I was going to take off the whole garden."

"How do you hold your rake?" asked Mr. May.

"I don't know, papa. In both hands."

"Yes, of course. But is the end of the handle high or low?"

"Pretty low, I guess," said Lily.

"Hold it high next time," said her father. "When you rake a bed after digging, and have to level it here and there, the handle must sometimes be held low; but when you are raking off weeds you can hardly hold it too upright. Then the earth sifts through the teeth of the rake, and only the weeds are drawn off. What's the other hindrance to the perfect felicity of gardening?"

"My clothes!" said Lily, with such a pitiful intonation that every body laughed in the most unsympathetic manner.

"You may believe that, papa," said Jack. "If you don't, just ask Malvina."

"I will when I desire any of Malvina's conversation," said Mr. May, who had the greatest possible dislike to hearing the kitchen quoted for any thing. "What's the matter with the clothes, Lily? They will get muddy just as the weeds will grow?"

"Oh, papa, muddy don't express it!" said Lily, despairingly.

"Well, keep up your courage, my dear," said her father, laughing. "I am much inclined to fear that you will see little more mud this summer; it seems like the beginning of a dry time. Clover, I have seen no balsams so fine as yours any where, except at that little house of Nobody's by the hill-road. I can't imagine where they got them."

"But oh, papa!" cried Primrose; "have you seen my heart's-ease?"

"Your heart's-ease?" said her father, lifting her up in his arms; "why, you are heart's-ease yourself! If you can show me any better I should like to see it."

Prim pulled him away out of the room, followed by Lily and Clover, the one talking eagerly about her own flowers, the other, in a happy muse, thinking of the beautiful balsams of little Dick Nobody.

Mr. May was right—a dry time set in; and Lily soon began to wish for the mud again, with all its troublesome qualities. The soil in the little gardens lost its rich brown hue, and looked hot and dusty; while the poor flowers hung their heads in the pitiless sunshine and cried for rain. Lily would fain have watered them at all hours of the day, but Sam assured her that that was the very way to kill them.

"Wait till the shady hours come," he said, "and then water thoroughly. And do not begin watering at all unless you are sure your patience will hold out."

"Mine will—till the cistern fails," said Lily. "But why do you say that?"

"Because a little watering only cakes the earth round the plants, and makes matters worse than ever," said Sam. "Keep the earth as loose and soft round your plants as ever you can in dry weather."

"That's odd," said Lily. "I should think it would just let the heat in."

"It lets the air in, but the air brings moisture with it. And it leaves the roots at liberty to go every where in search of all the ground may contain."

"Ah, I think the ground must contain very little just now!" said Clover. "It seems as if all the water I put on my plants at night was just drunk up by the rest of the earth before morning."

It did seem so, indeed. However, the children took good care of their corner of sweet herbs in that dry time; and Mr. May ordered Robin to draw and carry to the little gardens as much water as they would put on; so you may be certain the three watering-pots were not idle. Lily, to be sure, made a good deal of splashing with hers, and sometimes had more mud (for a while) than she cared for; the holes in the rose of her watering-pot were so large. Often, too, she quite washed away the earth from some of her flower-roots, and had to coax it back carefully with her trowel; though still the plants took thankfully even too much of a good thing. But Clover's garden at sundown, when she had done watering for the night, looked as if there had been a gentle, thorough shower from the clouds; for with her long-nosed watering-pot she could reach even the tops of her plants; now and then Sam borrowed it to give Prim's tall flowers a shower bath. But both plants and children were very glad when the weather changed and there came a rain. And how the plants grew then! how the blossoms opened, one kind after another! Prim's heart's-ease were the loveliest things that could be; and of ever so many kinds; and though just in the heat of the weather (for heart's-ease does not bear the sun) the flowers were rather small, yet as the cool days came on they grew larger and larger, till they were a wonder to look at. There was the King of the Blacks—a great black purple pansy with a small yellow eye; and another pansy that was bright yellow, and another that was pale yellow, and another that was yellow, with crimson marks. Another was all royal purple, and another purple and gold, and another purple and blue, and another crimson and white. Almost every plant as it came into bloom seemed to be of new colors or markings; and Prim would come running into the breakfast-room with a breathless

"Oh, mamma, there's *another* heart's-ease out! Won't you just come and see it?"

Then when the snow-white œnothera began to open its large flowers every evening, there was no end to the joy. Jack declared Prim's eyes grew as big as her primrose blossoms.

Clover, too, could boast of beauties; the balsams, with spotted blossoms, as double as any rose; and tall showy zinnias; and the rich crimson tassels drooping till they touched the ground of love-lies-bleeding. Stocks promised to make a fine show by-and-by; and the fence, quite covered with hyacinth beans and canary-bird vine, looked almost like a green bank, spotted with purple and yellow.

Lily's garden was, to say truth, a little wild: things had been planted without much thought about such trifles as color and height, and some of her flowers had reason to think themselves badly treated. For instance, the little dwarf convolvulus was planted so far back in the bed that, without stepping in among the flowers, it was hard to see its delicate trailing colors. On the other hand, the hollyhocks were so near the front that their broad and somewhat coarse green leaves stretched out even across the walk. Petunias were every where—Lily had set them out wherever she could find a bit of room—and they roamed hither and thither, ran over the delicate little scarlet flax (which was a real beauty), and climbed quite over the head of Lily's small rose-bush. But then they did furnish a great many flowers—pink, and purple, and white-throated, and white-edged. Lily was loud in her praises, and, in fact, seemed to have almost adopted Mr. Jarvis's maxim of "Quantity—quantity," and actually said that the flax was pretty—what there was of it. The hollyhocks were not in bloom yet, and the asters were mere green tufts; but the pinks were exquisite, and the canna spread out its broad pale leaves with quite the air of a distinguished foreigner.

"The three gardens are as like the three children as possible!" Mr. May declared.

"How?" said his wife, smiling.

"Excellent, brilliant, and poetical," said Mr. May.

"I am sure Clover's is brilliant too," said Mrs. May.

"Yes, but in a way so perfectly orderly and neat that the lady-like qualities strike you first. Look at Lily's petunias, running wild, after a most brilliant fashion! And there's my little Prim dreaming over her pansies! This gardening is a great business."

Nothing had been heard of little Dick Nobody's garden for some time, and though Clover had been very anxious to see it she had not dared to say a word. But one day, after the dry weather had passed by and the showers had come to make every thing fresh, Sam proposed they should take a walk that way and see Dick's balsams.

"We'll see if they look like yours, Clover," he said.

"Has Dick got any heart's-ease, Sam?" said little Primrose.

"I think not."

"Then I'd better take him some," said Prim, with a very grave face.

"But you'll kill the plants, dear, if you take them up now, when they're all full of flowers," said Clover; "or at least kill the flowers."

"It's only the flowers I mean to take," replied Primrose, as gravely as before. "I will take Dick a bunch of 'em."

"What's that for?" said Sam, putting his hands under her chin, and bringing the little sober face into view.

"Because," said Prim, "I've been thinking about it a great deal—about what mamma said. And if God asked me what I had done with my heart's-ease I shouldn't like to say I'd never given Dick one."

"Oh, if that's all," said Lily, "I can pick him a great bunch of petunias. Do 'em good too—they want cutting."

While Lily flew down to her garden and began to pull off the petunias with an unsparing hand, Primrose crouched down by her patch of heart's-ease, carefully culling one of each shade and tint that she could find, putting them lovingly together, with quite an artistic arrangement of colors.

"Exquisite!" said Sam, watching her. Prim looked up and smiled.

"Dear me! how splendid!" said Lily, running up with her hands full of petunias; "but just look at these! What will you take, Clover?"

"I think—I shall not take any thing," said Clover, slowly.

"Nothing! out of all your garden!" said Lily. Clover flushed crimson.

"I'm not sure that Dick would care to have me bring any of my flowers," she said, in a low voice. "Maybe I can find—" And she hurried off, coming back presently with a half open rose-bud, which she quietly put in Prim's hand, to go with the heart's-ease. Then they set off.

Dick, of course, was in his garden—he was always there when it did not rain, and sometimes when it did; and visitors were a particularly pleasant thing to him now that he had flowers to show. He welcomed them very joyfully, beginning at once to display his treasures.

Great was the surprise of Lily and Primrose to see the very same flowers in Dick's garden that there were in Clover's. The beautiful camellia-flowered balsams, and the graceful amaranthus, and the showy zinnias. Even a canary-bird vine was there, fluttering over the fence.

"But where did you get them all?" cried Lily.

"A lady," said Dick. "She's a good one, and that's all I know."

"Where does she live?" inquired Sam.

"Don't know, Sir," said Dick. "Nobody didn't tell me that. Man that fetched 'em—that's the seeds and the little green things—he said, says he, 'These be out of the young lady's own garden,' says he."

"A young lady!" said Lily. "Oh, I dare say it was Maria Jarvis. You know, Clover, she's got such *loads* of flowers in her garden, and a man to take care of 'em, and all."

But Clover did not answer, and seemed rather in haste to get away, opening the little gate, and stepping out upon the road. And when Sam looked at her, he saw that she was biting her lips very hard to keep from laughing. It must have pleased him—Clover's face, or the laughing, or the flowers, or something; for the first thing *he* did, when they were all outside the gate, was to put his arms round Clover and give her a good hearty kiss.

Little Prim all this while had said scarcely a word, looking on with all her eyes, as we say. But when Prim was going to bed that night, and Mrs. May bent over her for a parting kiss, Prim said:

"Mamma, I don't think God will ever ask Clover what *she's* done with her flowers."

"Why not?" asked her mother.

"Because," answered Primrose, sedately, "I think He told her what to do with 'em—and I think she's done it!"

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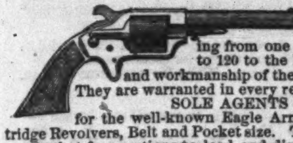

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BECAUSE they are a specific against Ague and Fever and all intermittents, and with all their potency as a preservative and a remedy, are as *harmless as water from the mountain spring.*

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